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Josephs Wilks.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

Tranſlated by

ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut crucier, quòd
Vellicat abſentem Demetrius? Aut quòd ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius, & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliuſque,
Valgius & probet hæc Octavius optimus! HOR.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

LONDON,

Printed by Charles Rivington,

For T. OSBORNE, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, JOHN RIVINGTON, R. BALDWIN, W. JOHNSTON, J. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER, P. DAVEY and B. LAW, T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON, T. FIELD, T. POTE, H. WOODGATE and S. BROOKS, S. BAKER, and T. PAYNE,

M.DCC.LX.

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THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The fourth battle continued, in which *Neptune* aſſiſts the *Greeks*: the acts of *Idomeneus*.

NEPTUNE, *concerned for the loſs of the* Grecians, *upon ſeeing the fortification forced by* Hector, *(who had entered the gate near the ſtation of the* Ajaxes) *aſſumes the ſhape of* Calchas, *and inſpires thoſe heroes to oppoſe him: then in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other* Greeks *who had retired to their veſſels. The* Ajaxes *form their troops in a cloſe* Phalanx, *and put a ſtop to* Hector *and the* Trojans. *Several deeds of valour are performed*; Meriones *loſing his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of* Idomeneus: *this occaſions a converſation between thoſe two warriours, who return together to the battle.* Idomeneus *ſignalizes his courage above the reſt*; *he kills* Othryoneus, Aſius, *and* Alcathous: Deïphobus *and* Æneas *march againſt him, and at length* Idomeneus *retires.* Menelaus *wounds* Helenus *and kills* Piſander. *The* Trojans *are repulſed in the left wing*; Hector *ſtill keeps his ground againſt the* Ajaxes, *till being galled by the* Locrian *ſlingers and archers,* Polydamas *adviſes to call a council of war:* Hector *approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the* Trojans; *upbraids* Paris, *rejoins* Polydamas, *meets* Ajax *again, and renews the attack.*

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene is between the Grecian *wall and the ſea-ſhore.*

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Had fix'd great *Hector* and his conqu'ring hoſt;
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To toil and ſtruggle thro' the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to *Thracia* from the field of fight
Thoſe eyes, that ſhed inſufferable light,

℣. 5. *Then turn'd to* Thracia *from the field of fight.*] One might fancy at the firſt reading of this paſſage, that *Homer* here turned aſide from the main view of his Poem, in a vain

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ỳ. 5. *Then turn'd to* Thracia *from the field of fight.*] One might fancy at the firſt reading of this paſſage, that *Homer* here turned aſide from the main view of his Poem, in a vain

To where the *Myſians* prove their martial force,
And hardy *Thracians* tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd *Hippemolgian* ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice and for length of days;

oſtentation of learning, to amuſe himſelf with a foreign and unneceſſary deſcription of the manners and cuſtoms of theſe nations. But we ſhall find, upon better conſideration, that *Jupiter*'s turning aſide his eyes was neceſſary to the conduct of the work, as it gives opportunity to *Neptune* to aſſiſt the *Greeks*, and thereby cauſes all the adventures of this book. Madam *Dacier* is too refining on this occaſion; when ſhe would have it, that *Jupiter*'s *averting his eyes* ſignifies his abandoning the *Trojans*; in the ſame manner, as the ſcripture repreſents the Almighty *turning his face* from thoſe whom he deſerts. But at this rate *Jupiter* turning his eyes from the battle, muſt deſert both the *Trojans* and the *Greeks*; and it is evident from the context, that *Jupiter* intended nothing leſs than to let the *Trojans* ſuffer.

℣. 9. *And where the far-fam'd* Hippemolgian *ſtrays.*] There is much diſpute among the Criticks, which are the proper names, and which the epithets in theſe verſes? Some making ἀγαυοὶ the epithet to ἱππημολγοὶ, others ἱππημολγοὶ the epithet to ἀγαυοὶ; and ἄβιοι, which by the common interpreters is thought only an epithet, is by *Strabo* and *Ammianus Marcellinus* made the proper name of a people. In this diverſity of opinions, I have choſen that which I thought would make the beſt figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to ſuppoſe that the long life of the *Hippemolgians* was an effect of their ſimple diet, and a reward of their juſtice: and that the Supreme Being, diſpleaſed at the continued ſcenes of human violence and diſſenſion, as it were recreated his eyes in contemplating the ſimplicity of theſe people.

It is obſervable that the ſame cuſtom of living on milk is preſerved to this day by the *Tartars*, who inhabit the ſame country.

Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food:
Jove ſees delighted; and avoids the ſcene
Of guilty *Troy*, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either hoſt is giv'n,
While his high law ſuſpends the pow'rs of heav'n.
Mean-time the * Monarch of the wat'ry main
Obſerv'd the Thund'rer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In *Samothracia*, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſat; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where *Ida*'s miſty tops confus'dly riſe;
Below, fair *Ilion*'s glitt'ring ſpires were ſeen;
The crouded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
There, from the cryſtal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he ſat; and mourn'd his *Argives* ſlain.
At *Jove* incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;

* *Neptune.*

℣. 27. *At* Jove *incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,*
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd—]

Monſ. *de la Motte* has played the critick upon this paſſage a little unadviſedly. "*Neptune*, ſays he, is impatient to aſſiſt

Fierce as he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God. 31

" the *Greeks*. *Homer* tells us, that this God goes firſt to " ſeek his chariot in a certain place; next he arrives at ano- " ther place nearer the camp; there he takes off his horſes, " and then he locks them faſt, to ſecure them at his return- " The detail of ſo many particularities no way ſuits the ma- " jeſty of a God, or the impatience in which he is deſcribed." Another *French* writer makes anſwer, that however impatient *Neptune* is repreſented to be, none of the Gods ever go to the war without their arms; and the arms, chariot and horſes of *Neptune* were at *Ægæ*. He makes but four ſteps to get thither; ſo that what M. *de la Motte* calls being ſlow, is ſwiftneſs itſelf. The God puts on his arms, mounts his chariot and departs; nothing is more rapid than his courſe; he flies over the waters: the verſes of *Homer* in that place run ſwifter than the God himſelf. It is ſufficient to have ears, to perceive the rapidity of *Neptune*'s chariot in the very ſound of thoſe three lines, each of which is entirely compoſed of dactyles, excepting that one ſpondee which muſt neceſſarily terminate the verſe.

Βῆ δ' ἰλάων ἐπὶ κύματ', ἄταλλε δὲ κῆτε ὑπ' αὐτῷ·
Γηθοσύνῃ δὲ θάλασσα διΐστατο, τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο
Ῥῖμφα μάλ', οὐδ' ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων.

℣. 29. —— *The lofty mountains nod,*
The foreſts ſhake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.]

Longinus confeſſes himſelf wonderfully ſtruck with the ſublimity of this paſſage. That Critick, after having blamed the defects with which *Homer* draws the manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better ſucceeded in deſcribing their figure and perſons. He owns that he often paints a God ſuch as he is, in all his majeſty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terreſtrial images; of which he pro-

From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant *Ægæ* ſhook.

duces this paſſage as a remarkable inſtance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity.

The book of *Pſalms* affords us a deſcription of the like ſublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wenteſt forth before thy people, when thou didſt march through the wilderneſs, the earth ſhook, the heavens dropped at the preſence of God, even* Sinai *itſelf was moved at the preſence of God, the God of* Iſrael. Pſal. lxviii.

ỳ. 32. ——*Three ample ſtrides he took.*] This is a very grand imagination, and equals, if not tranſcends, what he has feigned before of the paſſage of this God. We are told, that at four ſteps he reached *Ægæ*, which (ſuppoſing it meant of the town of that name in *Eubœa*, which lay the higheſt to *Thrace*,) is hardly leſs than a degree at each ſtep. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him ſtriding from promontory to promontory, his firſt ſtep on mount *Athos*, his ſecond on *Pallene*, his third upon *Pelion*, and his fourth in *Eubœa*. *Dacier* is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous circumſtance, which ſo perfectly agrees with the marvellous air of the whole paſſage, and without which the ſublime image of *Homer* is not compleat.

ỳ. 33. ——*The diſtant* Ægæ *ſhook*] There were three places of this name, which were all ſacred to *Neptune*; an iſland in the *Ægæan* ſea, mentioned by *Nicoſtratus*, a town in *Peloponneſus*, and another in *Eubœa*. *Homer* is ſuppoſed in this paſſage to ſpeak of the laſt; but the queſtion is put, why *Neptune* who ſtood upon a hill in *Samothrace*, inſtead of going on the left to *Troy*, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army? This difficulty is ingeniouſly ſolved by the old Scholiaſt; who ſays, that *Jupiter* being now on mount *Ida*, with his eyes turned towards *Thrace*, *Neptune* could not take the direct way from *Samothrace* to *Troy* without being diſcovered by him, and therefore fetches this compaſs to conceal himſelf. *Euſtathius* is contented to ſay,

Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
He ſits ſuperiour, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
Th' enormous monſters rolling o'er the deep,

that the Poet made *Neptune* go ſo far about, for the opportunity of thoſe fine deſcriptions of the palace, the chariot, and the paſſage of this God.

℣. 43. *Th' enormous monſters rolling o'er the deep.*] This deſcription of *Neptune* riſes upon us; his paſſage by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The God driving through the ſeas, the whales acknowledging him, and the waves rejoicing and making way for their monarch, are full of that *marvellous* ſo natural to the imagination of our author. And I cannot but think the verſes of *Virgil* in the fifth *Æneid* are ſhort of his original:

"Cœruleo per ſumma levis volat æquora curru:
"Subſidunt undæ, tumidumque ſub axe tonanti
"Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vaſto æthere nimbi.
"Tum variæ comitum facies, immania cete, &c."

I fancy *Scaliger* himſelf was ſenſible of this, by his paſſing in ſilence a paſſage which lay ſo obvious to compariſon.

Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
And heavy Whales in aukward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly:
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where *Tenedos* the ſurges lave,
And rocky *Imbrus* breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they ſtay.
The father of the floods purſues his way;
Where, like a tempeſt dark'ning heav'n around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient *Trojans*, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as *Hector* ruſh'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
The heav'ns re-echo, and the ſhores reply;

They vow deſtruction to the *Grecian* name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.
But *Neptune*, riſing from the ſeas profound,
The God whoſe earthquakes rock the ſolid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like *Calchas* ſeen,
Such his loud voice, and ſuch his manly mien;
His ſhouts inceſſant ev'ry *Greek* inſpire,
But moſt th' *Ajaces*, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriours, all our hopes to raiſe;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praiſe:
'Tis yours to ſave us, if you ceaſe to fear;
Flight, more than ſhameful, is deſtructive here.
On other works tho' *Troy* with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, *Greece* has ſtrength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her ſtrength were vain; I dread for you alone.

ỳ. 79. ——*This part o'erthrown,*
Her ſtrength were vain; I dread for you alone.]

What addreſs, and at the ſame time, what ſtrength is there in theſe words? *Neptune* tells the two *Ajaces*, that he is only afraid for their poſt, and that the *Greeks* will periſh by that gate, ſince it is *Hector* who aſſaults it: at every other quarter, the *Trojans* will be repulſed. It may therefore be properly ſaid, that the *Ajaces* only are vanquiſhed, and that their de-

Here *Hector* rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high *Jove* his ſire.
If yet ſome heav'nly pow'r your breaſt excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and ſtring your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threat'ned fleet maintain;
And *Hector*'s force, and *Jove*'s own aid, be vain.
Then with his ſcepter that the deep controlls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly ſouls;
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry ſeen, impetuous at the ſight

feat draws deſtruction upon all the *Greeks*. I don't think that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous Men, and make them attempt even impoſſibilities. *Dacier.*

℣. 83. *If yet ſome heav'nly power*, &c.] Here *Neptune*, conſidering how the *Greeks* were diſcouraged by the knowledge that *Jupiter* aſſiſted *Hector*, inſinuates, that notwithſtanding *Hector*'s confidence in that aſſiſtance, yet the power of ſome other God might countervail it on their part; wherein he alludes to his own aiding them, and ſeems not to doubt his ability of conteſting the point with *Jove* himſelf. It is with the ſame confidence he afterwards ſpeaks to *Iris*, of himſelf and his power, when he refuſes to ſubmit to the order of *Jupiter* in the fifteenth book. *Euſtathius* remarks, what an incentive it muſt be to the *Ajaces* to hear thoſe who could ſtand againſt *Hector* equalled in this oblique manner, to the Gods themſelves.

Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the pow'r of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.
Th' inſpiring God, *Oïleus'* active ſon
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to *Telamon*.
Some God, my friend, ſome God in human form
Fav'ring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm.
Not *Calchas* this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the pow'r appear:

♆. 97. *Th' inſpiring God,* Oïleus' *active ſon——Perceiv'd the firſt.*] The reaſon has been aſked, why the leſſer *Ajax* is the firſt to perceive the aſſiſtance of the God? And the ancient ſolution of this queſtion was very ingenious: they ſaid that the greater *Ajax*, being ſlow of apprehenſion, and naturally valiant, could not be ſenſible ſo ſoon of this acceſſion of ſtrength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing ſo much to his natural courage.

♆. 102. *Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the pow'r.*] This opinion, that the majeſty of the Gods was ſuch that they could not be ſeen face to face by men, ſeems to have been generally received in moſt nations. *Spondanus* obſerves, that it might be derived from ſacred truth, and founded upon what God ſays to *Moſes* in *Exodus*, ch. xxxiii. ♆. 20, 23. *Man ſhall not ſee me and live: thou ſhalt ſee my back parts, but my face thou ſhalt not behold.* For the farther particulars of this notion among the Heathens, ſee the notes on *lib.* i. ♆. 268. and on the vth, ♆. 971.

I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God.
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (*Telamon* returns)
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns;
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful *Hector* at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune mean-while the routed *Greeks* inſpir'd;
Who breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ſhips; while *Troy* to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the Pow'r,

Teucer and *Leitus* firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern *Peneleus* riſes to the fight;
Thoas, *Deipyrus*, in arms renown'd,
And *Merion* next, th' impulſive fury found;
Laſt *Neſtor*'s ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes.
Oh laſting infamy, oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I truſted in the Gods, and you, to ſee
Brave *Greece* victorious, and her navy free:

ỳ. 131. *The ſpeech of* Neptune *to the* Greeks.] After *Neptune* in his former diſcourſe to the *Ajaces*, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withſtand the attack of the *Trojans*; he now addreſſes himſelf to thoſe, who having fled out of the battle, and retired to the ſhips, had given up all for loſt. Theſe he endeavours to bring again to the engagement, by one of the moſt noble and ſpirited ſpeeches in the whole *Iliad*. He repreſents that their preſent miſerable condition was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of reſolution to withſtand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to reſiſt them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their preſent dejection of mind to a cowardly ſpirit, but to a reſentment and indignation of their General's uſage of their favourite hero *Achilles*. With the ſame ſoftening art, he tells them, he ſcorns to ſpeak thus to cowards, but is only concerned for their miſbehaviour as they are the braveſt of the army. He then exhorts them for their own ſake to avoid deſtruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a moment longer they delayed to oppoſe ſo imminent a danger.

Ah no — the glorious combat you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heav'ns! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, 'till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from *Troy*'s oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands? 140
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories of the duſty plain;
Like frighted fawns from hill to hill purſu'd,
A prey to every ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name, 145
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A change ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldiers baſeneſs, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice;
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price?

℣. 141. *A rout undiſciplin'd*, &c.] I tranſlate this line,

Αὖλως ἠλάσιησαι, ἀναλκιδες, οὐδ' ἐπὶ χάρμῃ,

with alluſion to the want of military diſcipline among the *Barbarians*, ſo often hinted at in *Homer*. He is always oppoſing to this, the exact and regular diſpoſition of his *Greeks*, and accordingly a few lines after, we are told that the *Grecian* phalanxes were ſuch, that *Mars* or *Minerva* could not have found a defect in them.

'Tis not your cauſe, *Achilles'* injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but your's the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards, if your King's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave:
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.
Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.

ỳ. 155. *Prevent this evil*, &c.] The verſe in the original,

Ἀλλ' ἀκεώμεθα θᾶσσον, ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν,

may be capable of receiving another ſenſe to this effect. If it be your reſentment of *Agamemnon*'s uſage of *Achilles*, that with holds you from the battle, *that evil* (*viz.* the diſſenſion of thoſe two chiefs) *may ſoon be remedied, for the minds of good men are eaſily calmed and compoſed.* I had once tranſlated it,

Their future ſtrife with ſpeed we ſhall redreſs,
For noble minds are ſoon compos'd to peace.

But upon conſidering the whole context more attentively, the other explanation (which is that of *Didymus*) appeared to me the more natural and unforced, and I have accordingly followed it.

Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death.
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore;
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous *Hector* thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall.

Theſe words the *Grecians* fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſt'ning armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold *Ajax* found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:

ỳ. 171. *Fix'd at his poſt was each bold* Ajax *found*, &c.] We muſt here take notice of an old ſtory, which however groundleſs and idle it ſeems, is related by *Plutarch*, *Philoſtratus* and thers. "*Ganictor* the ſon of *Amphidamas* King of *Eubœa*, "celebrating with all ſolemnity the funeral of his father, "proclaimed according to cuſtom ſeveral publick games, a-"mong which was the prize of poetry. *Homer* and *Heſiod* "came to diſpute for it. After they had produced ſeveral "pieces on either ſide, in all which the audience declared "for *Homer*, *Panides*, the brother of the deceaſed, who ſat "as one of the judges, ordered each of the contending Poets "to recite that part of his works which he eſteemed the beſt. "*Heſiod* repeated thoſe lines which make the beginning of "his ſecond book,

Πληϊάδων ἀτλαγενέων ἐπιβλομενάων,
Ἄρχεσθ' ἀμήτου τε ἀρότοιο τε δυσομενάων, &c.

"*Homer* anſwered with the verſes which follow here: but "the prince preferring the peaceful ſubject of *Heſiod* to the "martial one of *Homer*; contrary to the expectation of all,

So cloſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their Fight,
As *Pallas'* ſelf might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the God of war inclin'd his eyes,
The God of war had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A choſen Phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as Fate,
Deſcending *Hector* and his battle wait.

" adjudged the prize to *Heſiod.*" The Commentators upon this occaſion are very rhetorical, and univerſally exclaim againſt ſo crying a piece of injuſtice: all the hardeſt names which learning can furniſh, are very liberally beſtowed upon poor *Panides*. *Spondanus* is mighty ſmart, calls him *Midas*, takes him by the ear, and aſks the dead Prince as many inſulting queſtions, as any of his Author's own Heroes could have done. *Dacier* with all gravity tells us, that poſterity proved a more equitable judge than *Panides*. And if I had not told this tale in my turn, I muſt have incurred the cenſure of all the ſchoolmaſters in the nation.

ỳ. 173. *So cloſe their order*, &c.] When *Homer* retouches the ſame ſubject, he has always the art to riſe in his ideas above what he ſaid before. We ſhall find an inſtance of it in this place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact diſcipline of an army, with what he had made uſe of on the ſame occaſion at the end of the fourth *Iliad*. There it is ſaid, that the moſt experienced the warriour could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by *Pallas* through the battle; but here he carries it farther, in affirming that *Pallas* and the God of War themſelves muſt have admired this diſpoſition of the *Grecian* forces. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 177. *A choſen Phalanx, firm*, &c.] *Homer* in theſe lines has given us a deſcription of the ancient *Phalanx*, which conſiſted of ſeveral ranks of men cloſely ranged in this order. The firſt line ſtood with their ſpears levelled directly forward; the ſecond rank being armed with ſpears two cubits longer,

An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields,
Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the ſkies with pointing rays,
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charg'd the firſt, and *Hector* firſt of *Troy*.

levelled them likewiſe forward through the interſtices of the firſt; and the third in the ſame manner held forth their ſpears yet longer, through the two former ranks; ſo that the points of the ſpears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks ſtood with their ſpears erected, in readineſs to advance, and fill the vacant places of ſuch as fell. This is the account *Euſtathius* gives of the Phalanx, which he obſerves was only fit for a body of men acting on the defenſive, but improper for the attack: and accordingly *Homer* here only deſcribes the *Greeks* ordering the battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to ſtand their ground againſt the furious aſſault of the *Trojans*. The ſame Commentator obſerves from *Hermolytus*, an ancient writer of *Tacticks*, that this manner of ordering the Phalanx was afterwards introduced among the *Spartans* by *Lycurgus*, among the *Argives* by *Lyſander*, among the *Thebans* by *Epaminondas*, and among the *Macedonians* by *Charidemus*.

As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,

℣. 191. *As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn*, &c.] This is one of the nobleſt ſimiles in all *Homer*, and the moſt juſtly correſponding in its circumſtances to the thing deſcribed. The furious deſcent of *Hector* from the wall repreſented by a ſtone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero puſhed on by the ſuperiour force of *Jupiter*, as the ſtone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imaged in the violent bounding and leaping of the ſtone, the crackling of the woods, the ſhock, the noiſe, the rapidity, the irreſiſtibility, and the augmentation of force in its progreſs: all theſe points of likeneſs make but the firſt part of this admirable ſimile. Then the ſudden ſtop of the ſtone when it comes to the plain, as of *Hector* at the phalanx of the *Ajaces* (alluding alſo to the natural ſituation of the ground, *Hector* ruſhing down the declivity of the ſhore, and being ſtopped on the level of the ſea:) and laſtly, the immobility of both when ſo ſtopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: this laſt branch of the compariſon is the happieſt in the world, and though not hitherto obſerved, is what methinks makes the principal beauty and force of it. The ſimile is copied by *Virgil*, *Æn.* xii.

" Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps,
" Cùm ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
" Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas:
" Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
" Exultatque ſolo; ſylvas, armenta, viroſque
" Involvens ſecum. Diſjecta per agmina Turnus
" Sic urbis ruit ad muros"——

And *Taſſo* has again copied it from *Virgil* in his xviiith Book.

" Qual gran faſſo tal hor, che o la vecchiezza
" Solve da un monte, o ſvelle ira de' venti

(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the pond'rous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds;
At ev'ry ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gath'ring force, it ſmokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:

" Ruinoſa dirupa, e porta, e ſpezza
" Le ſelve, e con le caſe anco gli armenti
" Tal giù trahea de la ſublime altezza
" L'horribil trave e merli, e arme, e gente,
" Diè la torre a quel moto une, o duo crolli;
" Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli."

It is but juſtice to *Homer* to take notice how infinitely inferiour both the ſimilies are to their original. They have taken the image without the likeneſs, and loſt thoſe correſponding circumſtances which raiſe the juſtneſs and ſublimity of *Homer*'s. In *Virgil* it is only the violence of *Turnus* in which the whole application conſiſts: and in *Taſſo* it has no farther alluſion than to the fall of a tower in general.

There is yet another beauty in the numbers of this part. As the verſes themſelves make us ſee, the ſound of them makes us hear, what they repreſent; in the noble roughneſs, rapidity, and ſonorous cadence that diſtinguiſhes them.

Ῥῆξας, ἀσπέτῳ ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδὲϛ· ἴχμαλα πέτρας, &c.

The tranſlation, however ſhort it falls of theſe beauties, may ſerve to ſhew the reader, that there was at leaſt an endeavour to imitate them.

There ſtops — So *Hector*. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands, nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm ſhall make your way
Thro' yon' ſquare body, and that black array:
Stand, and my Spear ſhall rout their ſcatt'ring pow'r,
Strong as they ſeem, embattled like a tow'r.
For he that *Juno*'s heav'nly boſom warms,
The firſt of Gods, this day inſpires our arms.
He ſaid, and rous'd the ſoul in ev'ry breaſt;
Urg'd with deſire of fame, beyond the reſt,
Forth march'd *Deïphobus*; but marching, held
Before his wary ſteps, his ample ſhield.
Bold *Merion* aim'd a ſtroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not thro': unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke ſhort, and ſparkled in the ſand.

The *Trojan* warriour, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to diſtance bore the ſpear:
The *Greek* retreating mourn'd his fruſtrate blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that ſpar'd a foe;
Then to the ſhips with ſurly ſpeed he went,
To ſeek a ſurer jav'lin in his tent.

Meanwhile with riſing rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By *Teucer*'s arm the warlike *Imbrius* bleeds,
The ſon of *Mentor* rich in gen'rous ſteeds.
E'er yet to *Troy* the ſons of *Greece* were led,
In fair *Pedæus*' verdant paſtures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bleſs'd in bright *Medeſicaſte*'s arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of *Priam*'s raviſh'd joy,
Ally'd the warriour to the houſe of *Troy*.)
To *Troy*, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame:
With *Priam*'s ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him *Teucer* pierc'd between the throat and ear;
He groans beneath the *Telamonian* ſpear.

As from ſome far-ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdu'd by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And ſoils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then *Teucer* ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From *Hector*'s hand a ſhining jav'lin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhun'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd *Amphimacus*'s heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of *Neptune*'s forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſten'd on the dazling prize,
When *Ajax*' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
Repuls'd he yields; the victor *Greeks* obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the leaders of th' *Athenian* line,
(*Stichius* the brave, *Meneſtheus* the divine,)

Deplor'd *Amphimacus*, ſad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce *Ajaces'* prize.
As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting thro' the wood,
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
So theſe the chief: great *Ajax* from the dead
Strips his bright arms, *Oïleus* lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At *Hector's* feet the gory viſage lay.

The God of Ocean fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierc'd with ſorrow for his * grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the *Grecian* hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes deſtruction on the *Trojan* bands.
Swift as a whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd *Idomen* of *Crete*;

* *Amphimacus.*

†. 278. Idomen *of* Crete.] *Idomeneus* appears at large in this book, whoſe character (if I take it right) is ſuch as we ſee pretty often in common life: a perſon of the firſt rank, ſufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conſcious of his decline of ſtrength and active qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himſelf in dignity, and to preſerve the veneration of others. The true picture

His penſive brow the gen'rous care expreſt
With which a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſt,

of a ſtiff old ſoldier, not willing to loſe any of the reputation he has acquired; yet not inconſiderate in danger; but by the ſenſe of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds againſt him: very careful and tender of his ſoldiers, whom he had commanded ſo long, that they were become old acquaintance; (ſo that it was with great judgment *Homer* choſe to introduce him here, in performing a kind office to one of them who was wounded,) Talkative upon ſubjects of war, as afraid that others might loſe the memory of what he had done in better days, of which the long converſation with *Meriones*, and *Ajax*'s reproach to him in *Il.* xxiii. ♪. 473. of the original, are ſufficient proofs. One may obſerve ſome ſtrokes of lordlineſs and ſtate in his character: that reſpect *Agamemnon* ſeems careful to treat him with, and the particular diſtinctions ſhewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that inſinuates they were points upon which this Prince not a little inſiſted. *Il.* iv. ♪. 296, *&c.* The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his ſarcaſms and contemptuous railleries on his dead enemies, ſavour of the ſame turn of mind. And it ſeems there was among the ancients a tradition of *Idomeneus*, which ſtrengthens this conjecture of his pride: for we find in the *Heroicks* of *Philoſtratus*, that before he would come to the *Trojan* war, he demanded a ſhare in the ſovereign command with *Agamemnon* himſelf.

I muſt, upon this occaſion, make an obſervation once for all, which will be applicable to many paſſages in *Homer*, and afford a ſolution of many difficulties. It is, that our Author drew ſeveral of his characters with an eye to the hiſtories then known of famous perſons, or the traditions that paſt in thoſe times. One cannot believe otherwiſe of a Poet, who appears ſo nicely exact in obſerving all the cuſtoms of the age he deſcribed; nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumſtances relating to particular perſons, which we meet

Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
And his ſad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the Surgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſu'd from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: to whom the God begun,
In *Thoas'* voice, *Andræmon's* valiant ſon,
Who rul'd where *Calydon's* white rocks ariſe,
And *Pleuron's* chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies.

with every where in his poem, could poſſibly have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred ſeeming Oddneſſes not only in the *characters*, but in the *ſpeeches* of the *Iliad:* for as no author is more true than *Homer* to the character of the perſon he introduces ſpeaking, ſo no one more often ſuits his oratory to the character of the perſon ſpoken to. Many of theſe beauties muſt needs be loſt to us, yet this ſuppoſition will give a new light to ſeveral particulars. For inſtance, the ſpeech I have been mentioning of *Agamemnon* to *Idomeneus* in the fourth book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much leſs odd and ſurpriſing. Or who can tell but it had ſome alluſion to the manners of the *Cretans* whom he commanded, whoſe character was ſo well known, as to become a proverb: *The* Cretans, *evil beaſts, and ſlow bellies.*

ℽ. 283. *The Surgeons of the camp.*] *Podalirius* and *Machaon* were not the only phyſicians in the army; it appears from ſome paſſages in this poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themſelves. It may not be improper to adverti ſe, that the ancient Phyſicians were all Surgeons. *Euſtathius.*

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boaſt
Of *Greece* victorious, and proud *Ilion* loſt?
To whom the King. On *Greece* no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear with-holds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.
'Tis Heav'n, alas! and *Jove*'s all-pow'rful doom,
That far, far diſtant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremoſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend
Or arms, or counſels; now perform thy beſt,
And what thou can'ſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
Thus he; and thus the God, whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake.
Ah! never may he ſee his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
Who ſeeks ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
Nor dares to combat on this ſignal day!

For this, behold! in horrid arms I ſhine,
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine;
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worſt; nor ev'n this ſuccour vain:
Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
But ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.

This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat burns:
Swift to his tent the *Cretan* King returns.
From thence, two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like light'ning burſting from the arm of *Jove*,
Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the Monarch flaſh'd along.

Him, near his tent, *Meriones* attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!

℣. 325. — — Meriones *attends, whom thus he queſtions* —] This converſation between *Idomeneus* and *Meriones* is generally cenſured as highly improper and out of place, and as ſuch is

O ſay, in ev'ry art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?

given up even by M. *Dacier*, the moſt zealous of our Poet's defenders. However, if we look cloſely into the occaſion and drift of this diſcourſe, the accuſation will, I believe, appear not ſo well grounded. Two Perſons of diſtinction, juſt when the enemy is put to a ſtop by the *Ajaces*, meet behind the army: having each on important occaſions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded ſoldier, the other to ſeek a new weapon. *Idomeneus*, who is ſuperiour in years as well as authority, returning to the battle, is ſurpriſed to meet *Meriones* out of it, who was one of his own officers (Θεράπων, as *Homer* here calls him) and being jealous of his ſoldier's honour, demands the cauſe of his quitting the fight. *Meriones* having told him it was the want of a ſpear, he yet ſeems unſatisfied with the excuſe; adding, that he himſelf did not approve of that diſtant manner of fighting with a ſpear. *Meriones* being touched to the quick with this reproach, replies, that he of all the *Greeks* had the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect his courage: whereupon *Idomeneus* perceiving him highly piqued, aſſures him he entertains no ſuch hard thoughts of him, ſince he had often known his courage proved on ſuch occaſions, where the danger being greater, and the number ſmaller, it was impoſſible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity: but now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a ſiniſter interpretation to their inactivity during this diſcourſe, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this converſation has its riſe from a jealouſy in the moſt tender point of honour, I think the Poet cannot juſtly be blamed for ſuffering a diſcourſe ſo full of warm ſentiments to run on for about forty verſes; which after all cannot be ſuppoſed to take up more than two or three minutes from action.

Inglorious here, my Soul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O Prince! (*Meriones* replies) whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattled ſons of *Crete* to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a *Trojan* ſhield.
To whom the *Cretan*: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;
Spears I have ſtore, (and *Trojan* lances all)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.

ỳ. 335. *This headleſs lance*, &c.] We have often ſeen ſeveral of *Homer*'s combatants loſe and break their ſpears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to ſeek other weapons; why therefore does *Homer* here ſend *Meriones* on this errand? It may be ſaid, that in the kind of fight which the *Greeks* now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, *Meriones* was uſeleſs without this weapon.

ỳ. 339. *Spears, I have ſtore*, &c.] *Idomeneus* deſcribes his tent as a magazine, ſtored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not only laid up as uſeleſs trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to ſupply his own, and his friend's occaſions. And this conſideration ſhews us one reaſon why theſe warriours contended with ſuch eagerneſs to carry off the arms of a vanquiſhed enemy.

This gives me an occaſion to animadvert upon a falſe remark of *Euſtathius*, which is inſerted in the notes on the eleventh book, "that *Homer*, to ſhew us nothing is ſo unſeaſonable in a battle as to ſtay to deſpoil the ſlain, feigns that moſt of the warriours who do it, are killed, wounded, or unſucceſsful." I am aſtoniſhed how ſo great a miſtake

Tho' I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, or aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies, and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.

Nor vain (ſaid *Merion*) are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains; whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.

ſhould fall from any man who had read *Homer*, much more from one who had read him ſo thoroughly, and even ſuperſtitiouſly, as the old Archbiſhop of *Theſſalonica*. There is ſcarce a book in *Homer* that does not abound with inſtances to the contrary, where the conquerors ſtrip their enemies, and bear off their ſpoils in triumph. It was (as I have already ſaid in the eſſay on *Homer*'s battles) as honourable an exploit in thoſe days to carry off the arms, as it is now to gain a ſtandard. But it is a ſtrange conſequence, that becauſe our Author ſometimes repreſents a man unſucceſsful in a glorious attempt, he therefore diſcommends the attempt itſelf; and is as good an argument againſt encountering an enemy living, as againſt deſpoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with plundering, between which *Homer* has ſo well marked the diſtinction; when he conſtantly ſpeaks of the ſpoils as glorious, but makes *Neſtor* in the ſixth book, and *Hector* in the fifteenth, directly forbid the pillage, as a practice that has often proved fatal in the midſt of a victory, and ſometimes even after it.

What need I more? If any *Greek* there be
Who knows not *Merion*, I appeal to thee.

To this, *Idomeneus*. The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt.

℣. 353. *To this*, Idomeneus.] There is a great deal more dialogue in *Homer* than in *Virgil*. The *Roman* Poet's are generally ſet ſpeeches, thoſe of the *Greek* more in converſation. What *Virgil* does by two words of a narration, *Homer* brings about by a ſpeech; he hardly raiſes one of his heroes out of bed without ſome talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in *Homer*, a thing ſcarce ever to be found in *Virgil*; the conſequence whereof is, that there muſt be in the *Iliad* many continued converſations (ſuch as this of our two heroes) a little reſembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but leſs grave and majeſtick. However, that ſuch was the way of writing generally practiſed in thoſe ancient times, appears from the like manner uſed in moſt of the books of the Old Teſtament; and it particularly agreed with our Author's warm imagination, which delighted in perpetual imagery, and in painting every circumſtance of what he deſcribed.

℣. 357. *In that ſharp ſervice*, &c.] In a general battle cowardice may be the more eaſily concealed, by reaſon of the number of the combatants; but in an ambuſcade, where the ſoldiers are few, each muſt be diſcovered to be what he is: this is the reaſon why the ancients entertained ſo great an idea of this ſort of war; the braveſt men were always choſen to ſerve upon ſuch occaſions. *Euſtathius.*

No force, no firmneſs, the pale coward ſhows;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping ſweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
Againſt his boſom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terrour and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
With chatt'ring teeth he ſtands, and ſtiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!
Not ſo the brave — ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his ſoul, to conquer or to die:
If aught diſturb the tenour of his breaſt,
'Tis but the wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.
In ſuch aſſays thy blameleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Thoſe wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave delight
T' oppoſe thy boſom where the foremoſt fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?

Go—from my conquer'd ſpears, the choiceſt take,
And to their owners ſend them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold *Merion* ſnatch'd a ſpear,
And breathing ſlaughter follow'd to the war.
So *Mars* armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide deſtroyer of the race of man)

ỳ. 384. *So* Mars *armipotent*, &c.] *Homer* varies his ſimilitudes with all imaginable art, ſometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, ſometimes from natural paſſions, ſometimes from the occurrences of life, and ſometimes (as in the ſimile before us) from hiſtory. The invention of *Mars*'s paſſage from *Thrace* (which was feigned to be the country of that God) to the *Phlegyans* and *Ephyrians*, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars.

Methinks there is ſomething of a fine enthuſiaſm, in *Homer*'s manner of fetching a compaſs, as it were, to draw in new images, beſides thoſe in which the direct point of likeneſs conſiſts. *Milton* perfectly well underſtood the beauty of theſe digreſſive images, as we may ſee from the following ſimile, which is in a manner made up of them.

Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In *Vallombroſa* (where th' *Etrurian* ſhades
High over-arch'd embow'r.) Or ſcatter'd ſedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds *Orion* arm'd
Hath vex'd the *Red-ſea* coaſt (whoſe wave o'erthrew
Buſiris and his *Memphian* chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd
The ſojourners of *Goſhen*, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floating carcaſſes,
And broken chariot-wheels) — So thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe. ——

Terrour, his beſt lov'd ſon, attends his courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriours to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground:
From *Thrace* they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring *Phlegyans*, and *Ephyrian* arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murd'rous rout to thoſe.
So march'd the leaders of the *Cretan* train,
And their bright arms ſhot horrour o'er the plain.
Then firſt ſpake *Merion*: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the center of the fight?

As for the general purport of this compariſon of *Homer*, it gives us a noble and majeſtick idea, at once, of *Idomeneus* and *Meriones*, repreſented by *Mars* and his ſon *Terrour*; in which each of theſe heroes is greatly elevated, yet the juſt diſtinction between them preſerved. The beautiful ſimile of *Virgil* in his twelfth *Æneid* is drawn with an eye to this of our Author:

" Qualis apud gelidi cùm flumina concitus Hebri
" Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes
" Bella movens immittit equos; illi æquore aperto
" Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant: gemit ultima pulſu
" Thraca pedum: circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
" Iræque, Inſidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur."

℣. 396. —— *Shall we join the right,*
Or combat in the center of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?]

Or to the left our wonted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the center, (*Idomen* reply'd)
Our ableſt chieftans the main battle guide;
Each god-like *Ajax* makes that poſt his care,
And gallant *Teucer* deals deſtruction there:

The common interpreters have to this queſtion of *Meriones* given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonſenſe; explaining it thus: *Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle; or on the left, for no where elſe do the* Greeks *ſo much want aſſiſtance?* which amounts to this: "Shall we engage where our aſſiſtance is moſt wanted, or "where it is not wanted?" The context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to underſtand it in this obvious meaning; *Shall we bring our aſſiſtance to the right, to the left, or to the center? Since the* Greeks *being equally preſſed and engaged on all ſides, equally need our aid in all parts.*

ỳ. 400. *Not in the center,* &c.] There is in this anſwer of *Idomeneus* a ſmall circumſtance which is overlooked by the Commentators, but in which the whole ſpirit and reaſon of what is ſaid by him conſiſts. He ſays he is in no fear for the center, ſince it is defended by *Teucer* and *Ajax*; *Teucer* being not only moſt famous for the uſe of the bow, but likewiſe excellent ἐν ϛαδίῃ, ἐσμάῃ, in a *cloſe ſtanding fight:* and as for *Ajax*, though not ſo ſwift of foot as *Achilles*, yet he was equal to him ἐν αὐτο ϛαδίῃ, in the ſame *ſtedfaſt* manner of fighting; hereby intimating that he was ſecure for the center, becauſe that poſt was defended by two perſons both accompliſhed in that part of war, which was moſt neceſſary for the ſervice they were then engaged in; the two expreſſions before mentioned peculiarly ſignifying a *firm* and *ſteady* way of fighting, moſt uſeful in maintaining a poſt.

Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battle on the ſounding ſhield.
Theſe can the rage of haughty *Hector* tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
'Till *Jove* himſelf deſcends, his bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the brazen ruin at our head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can cruſh, nor ſteel can wound
Whom *Ajax* fells not on th' enſanguin'd ground
In ſtanding fight he mates *Achilles'* force,
Excell'd alone in ſwiftneſs in the courſe.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.

He ſaid; and *Merion* to the appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the ſhining chiefs beheld
Ruſh like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
The riſing combat ſounds along the ſhore.
As warring winds, in *Sirius'* ſultry reign,
From diff'rent quarters ſweep the ſandy plain;

On ev'ry ſide the duſty whirlwinds riſe,
And the dry fields are lifted to the ſkies:
Thus by deſpair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Met the black hoſts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.
All dreadful glared the iron face of war,
Briſtled with upright ſpears, that flaſh'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breaſt-plates, helms and ſhields,
And poliſh'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
Tremendous ſcene! that gen'ral horrour gave,
But touch'd with joy the boſoms of the brave.
Saturn's great Sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heav'n, by *Thetis* won
To crown with glory *Peleus*' god-like ſon,
Will'd not deſtruction to the *Grecian* pow'rs,
But ſpar'd a while the deſtin'd *Trojan* tow'rs:
While *Neptune* riſing from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of heav'n with ſtern diſdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the *Grecian* train.
Gods of one ſource, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;

But *Jove* the greater; firſt-born of the ſkies,
And more than Men, or Gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of *Jove*'s ſuperiour might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
Theſe pow'rs infold the *Greek* and *Trojan* train
In War and Diſcord's adamantine Chain,

℣. 451.] It will be neceſſary, for the better underſtanding the conduct of *Homer* in every battle he deſcribes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumſtances that diſtinguiſh each. In this view therefore we ought to remember through this whole book, that the battle deſcribed in it, is a fixed cloſe fight, wherein the armies engage in a groſs compact body, without any ſkirmiſhes or feats of activity ſo often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We ſee at the beginning of it the *Grecians* form a *Phalanx*, ℣. 177. which continues unbroken at the very end, ℣. 1006. The chief weapon made uſe of is a *ſpear*, being moſt proper for this manner of combat; nor do we ſee any other uſe of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the inſtance of *Harpalion* and *Deïphobus*.)

From hence we may obſerve with what judgment and propriety *Homer* introduces *Idomeneus* as the chief in action on this occaſion: for this hero being declined from his prime, and ſomewhat ſtiff with years, was only fit for this kind of engagement, as *Homer* expreſsly ſays in the 512th verſe of the preſent book.

Οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἴμπεδα γυῖα ποδῶν ἦν ὁρμηθέντι,
Οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐπαΐξαι μεθ' ἑὸν βέλος, οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι.
Τῷ ῥα καὶ ἐν ταδίῃ μέν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ.

See the tranſlation, ℣. 648, &c.

℣. 452. *In War and Diſcord's adamantine Chain.*] This ſhort but comprehenſive allegory, is very proper to give us an

Indiſſolubly ſtrong; the fatal tye
Is ſtretch'd on both, and cloſe-compell'd they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold *Idomeneus* controlls the day.
Firſt by his hand *Othryoneus* was ſlain,
Swell'd with falſe hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high *Cabeſus*' diſtant walls he came;
Caſſandra's love he ſought, with boaſts of pow'r,
And promis'd conqueſt was the proffer'd dow'r.

idea of the preſent condition of the two contending armies, who being powerfully ſuſtained by the aſſiſtance of ſuperiour Deities, join and mix together in a cloſe and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either ſide. To image to us this ſtate of things, the Poet repreſents *Jupiter* and *Neptune* holding the two armies cloſe bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two Gods draw the extremities, whereby the encloſed armies are compelled together, without any poſſibility on either ſide to ſeparate or conquer. There is not perhaps in *Homer* any image at once ſo exact and bold. Madam *Dacier* acknowledges, that deſpairing to make this paſſage ſhine in her language, ſhe purpoſely omitted it in her tranſlation: but from what ſhe ſays in her annotations, it ſeems that ſhe did not rightly apprehend the propriety and beauty of it. *Hobbes* too was not very ſenſible of it, when he tranſlated it ſo oddly:

And thus the Saw from brother unto brother
Of cruel war was drawn alternately,
And many ſlain on one ſide and the other,

The King conſented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The King conſented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himſelf, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he meaſur'd with a larger ſtride.
Him, as he ſtalk'd, the *Cretan* jav'lin found;
Vain was his breaſt-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory loſt, he plung'd to hell:
His arms reſounded as the boaſter fell.
The great *Idomeneus* beſtrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promiſe ſped!

℣. 471. *The great* Idomeneus *beſtrides the dead:*
And thus (he cries) ——]

It ſeems (ſays *Euſtathius* on this place) that the *Iliad* being an heroick poem, is of too ſerious a nature to admit of raillery: yet *Homer* has found the ſecret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is ſo far from raiſing laughter, that it becomes a hero, and is capable to enflame the courage of all who hear it. It alſo elevates the character of *Idomeneus*, who notwithſtanding he is in the midſt of imminent dangers, preſerves his uſual gaiety of temper, which is the greateſt evidence of an uncommon courage.

I confeſs I am of an opinion very different from this of *Euſtathius*, which is alſo adopted by M. *Dacier*. So ſevere and bloody an irony to a dying Perſon is a fault in morals, if not in poetry itſelf. It ſhould not have place at all, or if it ſhould, is ill placed here. *Idomeneus* is repreſented a brave man, nay a man of a compaſſionate nature, in the circumſtance he was introduced in, of aſſiſting a wounded ſoldier. What provocation could ſuch an one have, to inſult ſo barbarouſly an

Such is the help thy arms to *Ilion* bring,
And ſuch the contract of the *Phrygian* King!

unfortunate Prince, being neither his rival nor particular enemy. True courage is inſeparable from humanity, and all generous warriours regret the very victories they gain, when they reflect what a price of blood they coſt. I know it may be anſwered, that theſe were not the manners of *Homer*'s time; a ſpirit of violence and devaſtation then reigned, even among the choſen people of God, as may be ſeen from the actions of *Joſhua*, &c. However, if one would forgive the *cruelty*, one cannot forgive the *gaiety* on ſuch an occaſion. Theſe inhuman jeſts the Poet was ſo far from being obliged to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break the general ſerious air of his poem to introduce them. Would it not raiſe a ſuſpicion, that (whatever we ſee of his ſuperiour genius in other reſpects) his own views of morality were not elevated above the barbarity of his age? I think indeed the thing by far the moſt ſhocking in this Author, is that ſpirit of cruelty which appears too manifeſtly in the *Iliad*.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate *Homer* in theſe licences, and is much more reſerved in his ſarcaſms and inſults. There are not above four or five in the whole *Æneid*. That of *Pyrrhus* to *Priam* in the ſecond book, though barbarous in itſelf, may be accounted for as intended to raiſe a character of horrour, and to render the action of *Pyrrhus* odious; whereas *Homer* ſtains his moſt favourite characters with theſe barbarities. That of *Aſcanius* over *Numanus* in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where *Virgil* might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excuſed by the youth and gaiety of the ſpeaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate anſwer to the inſolences with which he had juſt been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

"— — I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis.
"Bis capti Phryges hæc Rutulis reſponſa remittunt."

He never ſuffers his *Æneas* to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend

Our offers now, illuſtrious Prince! receive;
For ſuch an aid what will not *Argos* give?
To conquer *Troy*, with ours thy forces join,
And count *Atrides'* faireſt daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to adviſe,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what *Greece* has on her part to ſay.
He ſpoke, and dragg'd the gory corſe away.
This *Aſius* view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;

Pallas: that ſhort one to *Mezentius* is the leaſt that could be ſaid to ſuch a tyrant.

" — — Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, & illa
" Effera vis animi?" ——

The worſt-natured one I remember (which yet is more excuſable than *Homer*'s) is that of *Turnus* to *Eumedes* in the twelfth book.

" En, agros, & quam bello, Trojane, petiſti,
" Heſperiam metire jacens; hæc præmia, qui me
" Ferro auſi tentare, ferunt: ſic mœnia condunt."

℣. 474. *And ſuch the contract of the* Phrygian *King*, &c.] It was but natural to raiſe a queſtion, on occaſion of theſe and other paſſages in *Homer*, how it comes to paſs that the heroes of different nations are ſo well acquainted with the ſtories and circumſtances of each other? *Euſtathius*'s ſolution is no ill one, that the warriours on both ſides might learn the ſtory of their enemies from the captives they took, during the courſe of ſo long a war.

(His crowded courſers, to his ſquire conſign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
He hop'd the conqueſt of the *Cretan* King.
The wary *Cretan*, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat diſcharg'd the forceful ſpear:
Beneath the chin the point was ſeen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit maſt for ſome great Admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then ſpreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So ſunk proud *Aſius* in that dreadful day,
And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,
Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
Pierc'd by *Antilochus*, he pants beneath
The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.

Thus *Aſius*' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of *Neſtor*'s youthful ſon.

Stabb'd at the ſight, *Deïphobus* drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The *Cretan* ſaw; and ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlope ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe, (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade.
O'er his ſafe head the jav'lin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the ſpear the vig'rous arm confeſt,
And pierc'd, obliquely, King *Hypſenor*'s breaſt:

ỳ. 511. *The* Cretan *ſaw*; *and ſtooping*, &c.] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole action, and every circumſtance of it, than the following lines. There is the poſture of *Idomeneus* upon ſeeing the lance flying towards him; the lifting the ſhield obliquely to turn it aſide; the arm diſcovered in that poſition; the form, compoſition, materials, and ornaments of the ſhield diſtinctly ſpecified; the flight of the dart over it; the ſound of it firſt as it flew, then as it fell; and the decay of that ſound on the edge of the buckler, which being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, eſpecially when the firſt force of the ſtroke was ſpent on the orb of it. All this in the compaſs of ſo few lines, in which every word is an image, is ſomething more beautifully particular, than I remember to have met with in any Poet.

Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
Not unattended (the proud *Trojan* cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented *Aſius* lies:
For thee, tho' hell's black portals ſtand diſplay'd,
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd ev'ry *Greek*, but *Neſtor*'s ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend;
'Till ſad *Meciſtheus* and *Alaſtor* bore
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.
Nor yet from fight *Idomeneus* withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,
Or find ſome foe, whom heav'n and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He ſees *Alcathous* in the front aſpire:
Great *Æſyetes* was the hero's ſire;
His ſpouſe *Hippodamè*, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her huſband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and ev'ry work of art:

He once, of *Ilion*'s youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of *Troy*.
By *Neptune* now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters ev'ry limb: yet bent to meet
His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of *Crete*.
Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke.
Before the pond'rous stroke his corselet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound:
His lab'ring heart, heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound:

ỳ. 543. *He once of* Ilion's *youth, the loveliest boy.*] Some manuscripts, after these words, ὥρην ἐν Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ, insert the three following verses;

Πρὶν Ἀλιηρίδας τραφέμεν καὶ Παυθόου υἷας
Πρηαμίδας θ' οἳ τρωσὶ μελάπρεπον ἱπποδάμοισιν
Ἕως ἐθ ἥβην ἵκεν, ὄφελλε δὲ κέρδιον ἄνθρ.;

which I have not translated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. *Barnes* is of the same opinion.

ỳ. 554. *His lab'ring heart, heaves with so strong a bound,*
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound.]

We cannot read *Homer* without observing a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of these wounds

Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.
Then *Idomen*, inſulting o'er the ſlain.
Behold, *Deïphobus!* nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one *Greek* three *Trojan* ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend.
Approaching now, thy boaſted might approve,
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of *Jove*.
From *Jove*, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great *Minos*, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs Prince! was *Minos'* heir;
His firſt-born I, the third from *Jupiter:*
O'er ſpacious *Crete*, and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me thro' the main:
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

are painted with very ſingular circumſtances, and thoſe of uncommon art and beauty. This paſſage is a maſterpiece in that way; *Alcathous* is pierced into the heart, which throbs with ſo ſtrong a pulſe, that the motion is communicated even to the diſtant end of the ſpear, which is vibrated thereby. This circumſtance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the moſt ſkilful Anatomiſts of the wonderful force of this muſcle, which ſome of them computed to be equal to the weight of ſeveral thouſand pounds. *Lower de corde, Borellus, & alii.*

The *Trojan* heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous arms, the King of *Crete*;
Or ſeek auxiliar force: at length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith *Æneas* riſes to his thought:
For him, in *Troy*'s remoteſt lines, he ſought;
Where he, incens'd at partial *Priam*, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperiour poſts in meaner hands.

ỳ. 578. *Incens'd at partial* Priam, *&c.*] *Homer* here gives the reaſon why *Æneas* did not fight in the foremoſt ranks. It was againſt his inclination that he ſerved *Priam*, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to aſſiſt his country, than by any diſpoſition to aid that Prince. This paſſage is purely hiſtorical, and the ancients have preſerved to us a tradition which ſerves to explain it. They ſay that *Æneas* became ſuſpected by *Priam*, on account of an oracle which propheſied he ſhould in proceſs of time rule over the *Trojans*. The King therefore ſhewed him no great degree of eſteem or conſideration, with deſign to diſcredit, and render him deſpicable to the people. *Euſtathius*. This envy of *Priam*, and this report of the oracle, are mentioned by *Achilles* to *Æneas* in the twentieth book.

— — ἥ σέ γε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,
Ἐλπόμενον Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδάμοισι,
Τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου; ἀτὰρ εἶκεν ἔμ' ἐξεναρίξῃς,
Οὔτοι τοὔνεκά γε Πρίαμος γέρας ἐν χερὶ θήσει.
Εἰσὶ γὰρ οἱ παῖδες. ——

(See ỳ. 216, *&c.* of the tranſlation.) And *Neptune* in the ſame book,

To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold *Deïphobus* approach'd, and ſaid:

Now, *Trojan* Prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warriour's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce *Idomeneus* we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.

Ἤδη γὰρ Πριάμου γενεὴν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων.
Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,
Καὶ παῖδες παιδῶν, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.

In the tranſlation, *ver.* 355, *&c.*

I ſhall conclude this note with the character of *Æneas*, as it is drawn by *Philoſtratus*, wherein he makes mention of the ſame tradition. "*Æneas* (ſays this author) was inferiour to *Hector* in battle only, in all elſe equal, and in prudence ſuperiour. He was likewiſe ſkilful in whatever related to the Gods, and conſcious of what deſtiny had reſerved for him after the taking of *Troy*. Incapable of fear, never diſcompoſed, and particularly poſſeſſing himſelf in the article of danger. *Hector* is reported to have been called the hand, and *Æneas* the head of the *Trojans*; and the latter more advantaged their affairs by his caution, than the former by his fury. Theſe two heroes were much of the ſame age, and the ſame ſtature: the air of *Æneas* had ſomething in it leſs bold and forward, but at the ſame time more fixed and conſtant." *Philoſtrat. Heroic.*

Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The *Greek* awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrours, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſticks riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the briſtly horrours riſe,
Fires ſtream in light'ning from his ſanguine eyes,
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouſe his mighty rage:
So ſtood *Idomeneus*, his jav'lin ſhook,
And met the *Trojan* with a low'ring look.
Antilochus, *Deïpyrus* were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of war,
Merion, and *Aphareus*, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warriour ſent his voice around.
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great *Æneas* ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old,

Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtrife,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.
He ſpoke, and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. *Æneas* too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native bands:
Paris, *Dëiphobus*, *Agenor* join;
(Co-aids and captains of the *Trojan* line)
In order follow all th' embody'd train;
Like *Ida*'s flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, thro' the well-known meads,

℣. 621. *Like* Ida's *flocks*, &c.] *Homer*, whether he treats of the cuſtoms of men or beaſts, is always a faithful intepreter of nature. When ſheep leave the paſture and drink freely, it is a certain ſign, that they have found good paſturage, and that they are all ſound; it is therefore upon this account, that *Homer* ſays the ſhepherd rejoices. *Homer*, we find, well underſtood what *Ariſtotle* many ages after him remarked, *viz.* that ſheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reaſon, why ſhepherds are accuſtomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of ſalt every five days in the ſummer, that they may by this means drink the more freely. *Euſtathius*.

So joys *Æneas*, as his native band,
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.
Round dead *Alcathous* now the battle roſe;
On ev'ry ſide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins ſing.
Above the reſt, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great *Idomeneus*, *Æneas* here.
Like Gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The *Trojan* weapon whizz'd along in air,
The *Cretan* ſaw, and ſhun'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But *Oenomas* receiv'd the *Cretan*'s ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious, graſps the bloody duſt in death.

The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhow'r of ſpears.)
Tho' now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force:
'Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd, ſlow ſteps, he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting jav'lin caſt:
The jav'lin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And, pierc'd *Aſcalaphus*, the brave and young:
The ſon of *Mars* fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great *Olympian* hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſat;
Detain'd from bloody war by *Jove* and *Fate*.

℣. 655. *And, fir'd with hate.*] *Homer* does not tell us the occaſion of this hatred; but ſince his days, *Simonides* and *Ibycus* write, that *Idomeneus* and *Deïphobus* were rivals, and both in love with *Helen*. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which *Euripides* and *Virgil* have followed: for after the death of *Paris*, they tell us ſhe was eſpouſed to *Deïphobus*. *Euſtathius*.

Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain *Aſcalaphus* commenc'd the fray.
Dëiphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize;
Valiant as *Mars*, *Meriones* drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the *Grecian* rent away
The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good *Polites* tends;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car
Rapt from the leſſ'ning thunder of the war;
To *Troy* they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſt, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth reſound.

Bold *Aphareus* by great *Æneas* bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt;
His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warriour lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as *Thoön* turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for clos'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield embоſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great *Neptune*'s care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of *Neſtor*'s glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger ſought;

His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of *Aſius*, *Adamas* drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce in his front: but *Neptune* wards the blow,
And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the *Trojan* crew;
But *Merion*'s ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an ent'rance found,
Where ſharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,

ỳ. 720. *Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,*
Lay panting. ——] The original is,

—— ὁδ' ἐσπόμενος περὶ δουρὶ
Ἤσπαιρ' ——

The verſification repreſents the ſhort broken pantings of the dying warriour, in the ſhort ſudden break at the ſecond ſyllable of the ſecond line. And this beauty is, as it happens, preciſely copied in the *Engliſh*. It is not often that a Tranſlator can do this juſtice to *Homer*, but he muſt be content to imitate theſe graces and proprieties at more diſtance, by endeavouring at ſomething parallel, though not the ſame.

Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's ſtrong pangs diſtend his lab'ring ſide,
His bulk enormous on the field diſplays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The ſpear, the conqu'ror from his body drew,
And death's dim ſhadows ſwam before his view.
Next brave *Deïpyrus* in duſt was laid:
King *Helenus* wav'd high the *Thracian* blade,
And ſmote his temples, with an arm ſo ſtrong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for ſome luckier *Greek* it reſts a prize;
For dark in death the god-like owner lies!
Raging with grief, great *Menelaüs* burns,
And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That ſhook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw;
And this ſtood adverſe with the bended bow:

℣. 728. *King* Helenus.] The appellation of King was not anciently confined to thoſe only who bore the ſovereign dignity, but applied alſo to others. There was in the iſland of *Cyprus* a whole order of officers called Kings, whoſe buſineſs it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the iſland, and to regulate affairs accordingly. *Euſtathius.*

Full on his breaſt the *Trojan* arrow fell,
But harmleſs bounded from the plated ſteel.
As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, reſulting from the ground:
So from the ſteel that guards *Atrides'* heart,
Repell'd to diſtance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that graſp'd the bow,

℣. 739. *As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor.*] We ought not be ſhocked at the frequency of theſe ſimilies taken from the ideas of a rural life. In early times, before politeneſs had raiſed the eſteem of arts ſubſervient to luxury, above thoſe neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence of mankind; agriculture was the employment of perſons of the greateſt eſteem and diſtinction. We ſee, in ſacred hiſtory, Princes buſy at ſheep ſhearing; and in the time of the *Roman* common-wealth, a Dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that alluſions and compariſons of this kind are frequently uſed by ancient heroic writers, as well to raiſe, as illuſtrate their deſcriptions. But ſince theſe arts are fallen from their ancient dignity, and become the drudgery of the loweſt people, the images of them are likewiſe ſunk into meanneſs, and without this conſideration muſt appear to common readers unworthy to have place in Epic poems. It was perhaps through too much deference to ſuch taſtes, that *Chapman* omitted this ſimile in his tranſlation.

And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the
sand:
But good *Agenor* gently from the wound
The spear sollicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

ỳ. 751. *A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,*
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.]

The words of the original are these:

Αὐτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν ἐϋστρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ
Σφενδόνῃ, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

This passage, by the Commentators ancient and modern, seems rightly understood in the sense expressed in this translation: the word σφενδόνῃ properly signifying a *Sling*; which (as *Eustathius* observes from an old Scholiast) was anciently made of woollen strings. *Chapman* alone dissents from the common interpretation, boldly pronouncing that slings are no where mentioned in the *Iliad*, without giving any reason for his opinion. He therefore translates the word σφενδόνῃ a *Scarf*, by no other authority but that he says, *it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded arm in, than a sling*; and very prettily wheedles his reader into this opinion by a most gallant imagination, that *his squire might carry this Scarf about him as a favour of his own or of his master's mistress*. But for the use he has found for this scarf, there is not any pretence from the original; where it is only said the wound was bound up, without any mention of hanging the arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his translation; for being resolved to have a *Scarf*, and obliged to mention *Wool*, we are left entirely at a loss to know from whence he got the latter.

Behold! *Piſander*, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs thro' the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great *Menelaüs!* To enhance thy fame;
High-tow'ring in the front, the warriour came.
Firſt the ſharp lance was by *Atrides* thrown;
The lance far diſtant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd *Piſander* thro' *Atrides'* ſhield;
Piſander's ſpear fell ſhiver'd on the field.
Not ſo diſcourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conqueſt ſwell his haughty mind;
Dauntleſs he ruſhes where the *Spartan* lord
Like light'ning brandiſh'd his far-beaming ſword.
His left arm high oppos'd the ſhining ſhield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held;

A like paſſage recurs near the end of this book, where the Poet ſays, the *Locrians* went to war without ſhield or ſpear, only armed,

Τόξοισι καὶ ἰῢγξόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ. ϒ. 716.

Which laſt expreſſion, as all the Commentators agree, ſignifies a *ſling*, though the word σφενδόνη is not uſed. *Chapman* here likewiſe without any colour of authority, diſſents from the common opinion; but very inconſtant in his errours, varies his miſtake, and aſſures us, *this expreſſion is the true Periphraſis of a light kind of armour, called a* Jack, *which all our archers uſed to ſerve in of old, and which were ever quilted with wool.*

ϒ. 766. *The cover'd pole-ax.*] *Homer* never aſcribes this weapon to any but the *Barbarians*, for the battle-ax was not uſed

(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Diſtinct with ſtuds; and brazen was the blade)
This on the helm diſcharg'd a noble blow; 769
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the creſt. *Atrides* wav'd his ſteel:
Deep thro' his front the weighty falchion fell;
The craſhing bones before its force gave way;
In duſt and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore. 776
The fierce *Atrides* ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting, ſaid.
Thus, *Trojans*, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war! 780

in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of the *Amazons*. *Euſtathius*.

℣. 779. *The ſpeech of* Menelaus.] This ſpeech of *Menelaus* over his dying enemy, is very different from thoſe with which *Homer* frequently makes his heroes inſult the vanquiſhed, and anſwers very well the character of this good-natured Prince. Here are no inſulting taunts, no cruel ſarcaſms, nor any ſporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead: the invectives he makes are general, ariſing naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almoſt nothing elſe but a recapitulation of them. Theſe reproaches come moſt juſtly from this Prince, as being the only perſon among the *Grecks* who had received any perſonal injury from the *Trojans*. The

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A Princeſs rap'd tranſcends a Navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold feats your impious Might approve,
Without the aſſiſtance, or the fear of *Jove*.
The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame,
Crimes heap'd on Crimes, ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon' flagitious town.

apoſtrophe he makes to *Jupiter*, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occaſion to cenſure *Homer* as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the Gods with injuſtice: but ſince, in the former part of his ſpeech, it is expreſly ſaid, that *Jupiter* will certainly puniſh the *Trojans* by the deſtruction of their city for violating the laws of hoſpitality, the latter part ought only to be conſidered as a complaint to *Jupiter* for delaying that vengeance: this reflection being no more than what a pious ſuffering mind, grieved at the flouriſhing condition of proſperous wickedneſs, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the complaint of the prophet *Jeremiah*, ch. xii. ℣. 1. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked proſper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherouſly?*

Nothing can more fully repreſent the cruelty and injuſtice of the *Trojans*, than the obſervation with which *Menelaus* finiſhes their character, by ſaying, that they have a more ſtrong, conſtant, and inſatiable appetite after bloodſhed and rapine, than others have to ſatisfy the moſt agreeable Pleaſures and natural deſires.

O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man, ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt?
The beſt of things beyond their meaſure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.

ỳ. 795. *The beſt of things beyond their meaſure, cloy.*] Theſe words comprehend a very natural ſentiment, which perfectly ſhews the wonderful folly of men: they are ſoon wearied with the moſt agreeable things, when they are innocent; but never with the moſt toilſome things in the world, when unjuſt and criminal. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

ỳ. 797. *The dance.*] In the original it is called ἀμύμων, *the blameleſs dance*; to diſtinguiſh (ſays *Euſtathius*) what ſort of dancing it is that *Homer* commends. For there were two kinds of dancing practiſed among the ancients, the one reputable, invented by *Minerva*, or by *Caſtor* and *Pollux*; the other diſhoneſt, of which *Pan*, or *Bacchus*, was the author. They were diſtinguiſhed by the name of the tragick, and the comick or ſatyrick dance. But thoſe which probably our Author commends were certain military dances uſed by the greateſt heroes. One of this ſort was known to the *Macedonians* and *Perſians*, practiſed by *Antiochus* the great, and the famous *Polyperchon*. There was another which was danced in compleat armour, called the *Pyrrhick*, from *Pyrrhicus* the *Spartan* its inventor, which continued in faſhion among the

But *Troy* for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.
This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſe heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of *Pylæmenes* ſlew.
Harpalion had thro' *Aſia* travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war:
Thro' filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the *Spartan* King;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.

Lacedæmonians. *Scaliger* the father remarks, that this dance was too laborious to remain long in uſe even among the ancients; however, it ſeems that labour could not diſcourage this bold Critick from reviving that laudable kind of dance in the preſence of the Emperor *Maximilian* and his whole court. It is not to be doubted but the performance raiſed their admiration; nor much to be wondered at, if they deſired to ſee more than once ſo extraordinary a ſpectacle, as we have it in his own words. *Poëtices, lib.* i. *cap.* 18. *Hanc ſaltationem* [Pyrrhicam] *nos* & ſæpe, & diu, *coram Divo Maximiliano, juſſu Bonifacii patrui,* non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniæ, *repræſentavimus.*

Him, thro' the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of *Merion* mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;
(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.

ỳ. 819. *Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground.*] I cannot be of *Euſtathius*'s opinion, that this ſimile was deſigned to debaſe the character of *Harpalion*, and to repreſent him in a mean and diſgraceful view, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the character he gives of this young man, whoſe piety carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole paſſage, which is tender and pathetick, that he intended this humble compariſon only as a mortifying picture of human miſery and mortality. As to the verſes which *Euſtathius* alledges for a proof of the cowardice of *Harpalion*,

Ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,
Πάντοσε παπταίνων.

The retreat deſcribed in the firſt verſe is common to the greateſt heroes in *Homer*; the ſame words are applied to *Deïphobus* and *Meriones* in this book, and to *Patroclus* in the xvith, ỳ. 817. of the *Greek*. The ſame thing in other words is ſaid even of the great *Ajax*, *Il.* xv. ỳ. 728. And we have *Ulyſſes* deſcribed in the ivth, ỳ. 497. with the ſame circumſpection and fear of the darts: though none of thoſe warriours have the ſame reaſon as *Harpalion* for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumſtance takes away all imputation of cowardice.

Him on his car the *Paphlagonian* train
In ſlow proceſſion bore from off the plain.
The penſive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the ſhore;
And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed;
And unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving ſight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd, and with fury ſwell'd:
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the *Paphlagonian* race!

ỳ. 823. *The penſive father.*] We have ſeen in the vth *Iliad* the death of *Pylæmenes* general of the *Paphlagonians*, How comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his ſon? *Euſtathius* informs us of a moſt ridiculous ſolution of ſome Criticks, who thought it might be the ghoſt of this unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. *Zenodotus* not ſatisfied with this (as indeed he had little reaſon to be) changed the name *Pylæmenes* into *Kylæmenes*. *Didymus* thinks there were two of the ſame name; as there are in *Homer* two *Schedius*'s, two *Eurymedon*'s, and three *Adraſtus*'s. And others correct the verſe by adding a negative, μετὰ δ' ὐ σφι πατὴρ κίε; *his father did* not *follow his chariot with his face bathed in tears.* Which laſt, if not of more weight than the reſt, is yet more ingenious. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

Nor did his valiant father (now no more)
Purſue the mournful pomp along the ſhore,
No ſire ſurviv'd, to grace th' untimely bier,
Or ſprinkle the cold aſhes with a tear.

With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave *Euchenor* nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in *Corinth*'s ſtately town;
Polydus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown.
Oft' had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or ſlow diſeaſe at home:
He climb'd his veſſel, prodigal of breath,
And choſe the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The ſoul came iſſuing at the narrow vent:

ν. 840. *And choſe the certain, glorious path to death.*] Thus we ſee *Euchenor* is like *Achilles*, who ſailed to *Troy*, though he knew he ſhould fall before it: this might ſomewhat have prejudiced the character of *Achilles*, every branch of which ought to be ſingle, and ſuperiour to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that ſpeaks a hero: therefore we find two eſſential differences between *Euchenor* and *Achilles*, which preſerve the ſuperiority of the hero of the poem. *Achilles*, if he had not ſailed to *Troy*, had enjoyed a long life; but *Euchenor* had been ſoon cut off by ſome cruel diſeaſe. *Achilles* being independent, and a King, could have lived at eaſe at home, without being obnoxious to any diſgrace; but *Euchenor* being but a private man, muſt either have gone to the war, or been expoſed to an ignominious penalty. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

His limbs, unnerv'd, drop uſeleſs on the ground,
And everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.

Nor knew great *Hector* how his legions yield,
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field)
Wide on the left the force of *Greece* commands,
And conqueſt hovers o'er th' *Achaian* bands:
With ſuch a tide ſuperiour virtue ſway'd,
And * he that ſhakes the ſolid earth, gave aid.

℣. 845. *Nor knew great* Hector, *&c.*] Moſt part of this book being employed to deſcribe the brave reſiſtance the *Greeks* made on their left under *Idomeneus* and *Meriones*; the Poet now ſhifts the ſcene, and returns to *Hector*, whom he left in the center of the army, after he had paſſed the wall, endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where *Ajax* commanded. And that the reader might take notice of this change of place, and carry diſtinctly in his mind each ſcene of action, *Homer* is very careful in the following lines to let us know that *Hector* ſtill continues in the place where he had firſt paſſed the wall, at that part of it which was loweſt, (as appears from *Sarpedon*'s having pulled down one of its battlements on foot, *lib.* xii.) and which was neareſt the ſtation where the ſhips of *Ajax* were laid, becauſe that hero was probably thought a ſufficient guard for that part. As the poet is ſo very exact in deſcribing each ſcene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwiſe he will ſee nothing but confuſion in things which are in themſelves very regular and diſtinct. This obſervation is the more neceſſary, becauſe even in this place, where the Poet intended to prevent any ſuch miſtake, *Dacier* and other interpreters have applied to the preſent action what is only a recapitulation of the time and place deſcribed in the former book.

* *Neptune.*

But in the center *Hector* fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval ſtation where th' *Ajaces* keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whoſe humble barrier ſcarce the foes divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horſe engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole *Bœotian* ſtrength remains,
The proud *Ionians* with their ſweeping trains,
Locrians and *Phthians*, and th' *Epæan* force;
But join'd, repel not *Hector*'s fiery courſe.
The flow'r of *Athens*, *Stichius*, *Phidas* led;
Bias, and great *Meneſtheus* at their head.
Meges the ſtrong th' *Epeian* bands controll'd,
And *Dracius* prudent, and *Amphion* bold;
The *Phthians* *Medon*, fam'd for martial might,
And brave *Podarces*, active in the fight.

ỳ. 861. Phthians.] The *Phthians* are not the troops of *Achilles*, for theſe were called *Phthiotes*; but they were the troops of *Proteſilaus* and *Philoctetes*. *Euſtathius*.

This drew from *Phylacus* his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon: and that *(Oileus)* thine:
(Young *Ajax*' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the *Phthians*, and their arms employ
Mixt with *Bœotians*, on the ſhores of *Troy*.
Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each *Ajax* labour'd thro' the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughſhare thro' the fallow ſoil,
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their four foreheads flow.

ỳ. 879. *So when two lordly bulls*, &c.] The image here given of the *Ajaces* is very lively and exact; there being no circumſtance of their preſent condition that is not to be found in the compariſon; and no particular in the compariſon that does not reſemble the action of the heroes. Their ſtrength and labour, their unanimity and nearneſs to each other, the difficulties they ſtruggle againſt; and the ſweat occaſioned by the ſtruggling, perfectly correſponding with the ſimile.

A train of heroes follow'd thro' the field,
Who bore by turns great *Ajax'* ſev'nfold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with th' inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave Aſſociate grace:
In cloſe engagement an unpractiſed Race,
The *Locrian* ſquadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling,
Dext'rous with theſe they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the diſtant warriour to the ground.
Thus in the van, the *Telamonian* train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the *Locrian* archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
The mingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcatt'ring orders open to the ſhow'r.

Now had the *Greeks* eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd *Ilians* to their walls retir'd;
But ſage *Polydamas*, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great *Hector*, and this counſel gave,

Tho' great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of heav'n.
To ſome the pow'rs of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſick, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wond'rous few, has *Jove* aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſid'ring mind;
Their Guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O *Hector*, what I judge the beſt.
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon' hoſtile wall,
How many *Trojans* yield, diſperſe, or fall?

What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war main-
tain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the Chiefs and Kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the Gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon' tall ſhips to bear the *Trojan* fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt *Greece* not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great *Achilles*, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

ỳ. 937. Achilles, *great* Achilles, *yet remains*
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!]

There never was a nobler encomium than this of *Achilles*. It ſeems enough to ſo wiſe a counſellor as *Polydamas*, to convince ſo intrepid a warriour as *Hector*, in how great danger the *Trojans* ſtood, to ſay, Achilles *ſees us*. "Though he abſtains from the fight, he ſtills caſts his eye on the battle; "it is true, we are a brave army, and yet keep our ground, "but ſtill *Achilles* ſees us, and we are not ſafe." This reflection makes him a God, a ſingle regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the deſtiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progreſs of the poem, where we ſhall ſee in the xvith book the *Trojans* fly at the firſt ſight of his armour, worn by *Patroclus*;

The counſel pleas'd; and *Hector*, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms reſound. 941

and in the xviiith their defeat compleated by his ſole appearance, unarmed on his ſhip.

ϒ. 939. Hector, *with a bound, Leap'd from his chariot.*] *Hector* having in the laſt book alighted, and cauſed the *Trojans* to leave their chariots behind them, when they paſs the trench; and no mention of any chariot but that of *Aſius* ſince occurring in the battle; we muſt neceſſarily infer, either that *Homer* has neglected to mention the advance of the chariots, (a circumſtance which ſhould not have been omitted) or elſe, that he is guilty here of a great miſtake in making *Hector* leap from his chariot. I think it evident, that this is really a ſlip of the Poet's memory: for in this very book, ϒ. 533. (of the orig.) we ſee *Polites* leads off his wounded brother to the place where his chariot remained behind the army. And again in the next book, *Hector* being wounded, is carried out of the battle in his ſoldiers arms to the place where his horſes and chariot waited at a diſtance from the battle.

—— ——τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἑταῖροι
Χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὄφρ' ἵκεθ' ἵππους
Ωκείας οἳ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πολέμοιο.
Ἕστασαν —— *Lib.* xiv. ϒ. 428.

But what puts it beyond diſpute, that the chariots continued all this time in the place where they firſt quitted them, is a paſſage in the beginning of the xvth book, where the *Trojans* being overpowered by the *Greeks*, fly back over the wall and trench, till they came to the place where their chariots ſtood,

Οἱ μὲν δὴ παρ' ὄχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες. *Lib.* xv. ϒ. 3.

Neither *Euſtathius* nor *Dacier* have taken any notice of this incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuſe. I muſt ho-

To guard this poſt (he cry'd) thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of *Troy*;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid; the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.

neſtly own my opinion, that there are ſeveral other negligences of this kind in *Homer*. I cannot think otherwiſe of the paſſage in the preſent book concerning *Pylæmenes*, notwithſtanding the excuſes of the Commentators which are there given. The very uſing the ſame name in different places for different perſons, confounds the reader in the ſtory, and is what certainly would be better avoided: ſo that it is to no purpoſe to ſay, there might as well be two *Pylæmenes*'s as two *Schedius*'s, two *Eurymedon*'s, two *Opheleſtes*'s, &c. ſince it is more blameable to be negligent in many inſtances than in one. *Virgil* is not free from this, as *Macrobius* has obſerved. *Sat. l.* v. *c.* 13. But the abovementioned names are proofs of that Critick's being greatly miſtaken in affirming that *Homer* is not guilty of the ſame. It is one of thoſe many errors he was led into, by his partiality to *Homer* above *Virgil*.

℣. 948. *And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.*] This ſimile is very ſhort in the original, and requires to be opened a little to diſcover its full beauty. I am not of M. *Dacier*'s opinion, that the luſtre of *Hector*'s armour was that which furniſhed *Homer* with this image; it ſeems rather to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of ſhaking which, this hero is ſo frequently painted by our Author, and from thence diſtinguiſhed by the remarkable epithet κορυθαίολος. This is a very pleaſing image, and very much what Painters call *picturesque*. I fancy it gave the hint for a very fine one in

Thro' all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To *Panthus'* ſon, at *Hector's* high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the *Trojan* band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deïphobus, nor *Helenus* the ſeer,
Nor *Aſius'* ſon, nor *Aſius'* ſelf appear.
For theſe were pierc'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Some cold in death, ſome groaning on the ground;
Some low in duſt (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall ſome breath'd their ſouls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful *Paris*; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:

Spenſer, where he repreſents the perſon of *Contemplation* in the figure of a venerable old man almoſt conſumed with ſtudy:

His ſnowy locks adown his ſhoulders ſpread,
As hoary froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an oak half dead.

Ill-fated *Paris!* ſlave to womankind,
As ſmooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is *Deïphobus*, where *Aſius* gone?
The god-like father, and th' intrepid ſon?
The force of *Helenus*, diſpenſing fate;
And great *Othryoneus*, ſo fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial *Troy* from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance ſwallow all.

When *Paris* thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deſerv'd thy blame,
Tho' then not deedleſs, nor unknown to fame:

℣. 965. *Ill-fated* Paris!] The reproaches which *Hector* here caſts on *Paris*, gives us the character of this hero; who in many things reſembles *Achilles*; being (like him) unjuſt, violent, and impetuous, and making no diſtinction between the innocent and criminal. It is he who is obſtinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet aſks an account of thoſe who were ſlain in the attack from *Paris*; and though he ought to blame himſelf for their deaths, yet he ſpeaks to *Paris*, as if through his cowardice he had ſuffered theſe to be ſlain, whom he might have preſerved if he had fought courageouſly. *Euſtathius.*

But ſince yon' rampart by thy arms lay low,
I ſcatter'd ſlaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you ſeek on yonder ſhore lie ſlain;
Of all thoſe heroes, two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and *Helenus* the ſeer:
Each now diſabled by a hoſtile ſpear.
Go then, ſucceſsful, where thy ſoul inſpires:
This heart and hand ſhall ſecond all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
'Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; Strength is of the Gods alone.
Theſe words the hero's angry mind aſſuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeſt rage.
Around *Polydamas*, diſtain'd with blood,
Cebrion, *Phalces*, ſtern *Orthæus* ſtood,
Palmus, with *Polypætes* the divine,
And two bold brothers of *Hippotion*'s line:
(Who reach'd fair *Ilion*, from *Aſcania* far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)

As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind ſprings,
That bears *Jove*'s thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blaſted fields the tempeſt ſweeps;
Then gather'd, ſettles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great *Hector* ſhin'd,
Like *Mars* commiſſion'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous ſhield
Like the broad ſun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a ſtreamy ray;
His piercing eyes thro' all the battle ſtray,

ỳ. 1005. *Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore.*] I have endeavoured in this verſe to imitate the confuſion, and broken ſound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.

Κύμαΐα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο Θαλάσσης
Κυρΐὰ, φαληριόωντα. ———

And, while beneath his targe he flaſh'd along,
Shot terrours round, that wither'd ev'n the ſtrong.
Thus ſtalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd: but not an *Argive* ſhook.
The tow'ring *Ajax*, with an ample ſtride
Advanc'd the firſt, and thus the chief defy'd.
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring *Jove* we fear:
The ſkill of war to us not idly giv'n,
Lo! *Greece* is humbled, not by *Troy*, but heav'n.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the *Greeks* have hands, and hearts.
Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boaſted city, and your god-built wall
Shall ſink beneath us, ſmoking on the ground;
And ſpread a long, unmeaſur'd ruin round.
The time ſhall come, when chas'd along the plain
Ev'n thou ſhalt call on *Jove*, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou ſhalt wiſh, to aid thy deſp'rate courſe,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horſe;

Shalt run, forgetful of a warriour's fame,
While clouds of friendly duſt conceal thy ſhame.

ϒ. 1037. *Clouds of friendly duſt.*] A Critick might take occaſion from hence, to ſpeak of the exact time of the year in which the actions of the *Iliad* are ſuppoſed to have happened. And (according to the grave manner of a learned Diſſertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it muſt be the *ſummer* ſeaſon, from the frequent mention made of clouds of *duſt:* though what he diſcovers might be full as well inferred from common ſenſe, the ſummer being the natural ſeaſon for a campaign. However he ſhould quote all theſe paſſages at large; and adding to the article of *duſt* as much as he can find of the *ſweat* of the heroes, it might fill three pages very much to his own ſatisfaction. It would look well to obſerve farther, that the fields are deſcribed flowery, *Il.* ii. ϒ. 546. that the branches of a tamariſk-tree are flouriſhing, *Il.* x. ϒ. 537. that the warriours ſometimes waſh themſelves in the ſea, *Il.* x. ϒ. 674. and ſometimes refreſh themſelves by cool breezes from the ſea, *Il.* xi. ϒ. 762. that *Diomed* ſleeps out of his tent on the ground, *Il.* x. ϒ. 170. that the flies are very buſy about the dead body of *Patroclus*, *Il.* xix. ϒ. 30. that *Apollo* covers the body of *Hector* with a cloud to prevent its being ſcorched, *Il.* xxiii. All this would prove the very thing which was ſaid at firſt, that it was *ſummer*. He might next proceed to enquire, what preciſe critical time of ſummer? And here the mention of new-made honey in *Il.* xi. ϒ. 771. might be of great ſervice in the inveſtigation of this important matter: he would conjecture from hence, that it muſt be near the end of ſummer, honey being ſeldom taken till that time; to which having added the plague which rages in book i. and remarked, that infections of that kind generally proceed from the extremeſt heats, which heats are not till near the *autumn*; the learned enquirer might hug himſelf in this diſcovery, and conclude with triumph.

If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put in practice, he may ſee what *Boſſu* has done to determine the

As thus he ſpoke, behold, in open view,
On ſounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To *Jove*'s glad Omen all the *Grecians* riſe,
And hail, with ſhouts, his progreſs thro' the ſkies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from ſide to ſide;
They ceas'd; and thus the Chief of *Troy* reply'd.
From whence this menace, this inſulting ſtrain?
Enormous boaſter! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the Gods on *Hector* life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort life which mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of *Jove*'s high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this deciſive day ſhall end the fame
Of *Greece*, and *Argos* be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madneſs wait
The lance of *Hector*, thou ſhalt meet thy fate;

preciſe ſeaſon of the *Æncid*, *lib.* iii. *ch.* 12. The memory of that learned Critick failed him, when he produced as one of the proofs that it was autumn, a paſſage in the vith book, where the fall of the leaf is only mentioned in a *ſimile*. He has alſo found out a beauty in *Homer*, which few even of his greateſt admirers can believe he intended; which is, that to the *violence* and *fury* of the *Iliad* he artfully adapted the *heat* of *ſummer*, but to the *Odyſſey* the *cooler* and *maturer* ſeaſon of *autumn*, to correſpond with the *ſedateneſs* and *prudence* of *Ulyſſes*.

That giant-corſe, extended on the ſhore,
Shall largely feaſt the fowls with fat and gore.
He ſaid, and like a lion ſtalk'd along:
With ſhouts inceſſant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his foll'wing hoſt: the *Grecian* train
With anſwering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A ſhout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd ſplendours of the throne of *Jove*.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives *Jupiter* by the Girdle of *Venus*.

NESTOR *ſitting at the table with* Machaon, *is alarmed with the encreaſing clamour of the war, and haſtens to* Agamemnon: *on his way he meets that Prince with* Diomed *and* Ulyſſes, *whom he informs of the extremity of the danger.* Agamemnon *propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which* Ulyſſes *withſtands; to which* Diomed *adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued.* Juno *ſeeing the partiality of* Jupiter *to the* Trojans, *forms a deſign to over-reach him; ſhe ſets off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to enchant him) obtains the magick girdle of* Venus. *She then applies herſelf to the God of* Sleep, *and, with ſome difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of* Jupiter; *this done, ſhe goes to mount* Ida, *where the God, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her embraces, and is laid aſleep.* Neptune *takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the* Greeks: Hector *is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by* Ajax, *and carried off from the battle: ſeveral actions ſucceed; till the* Trojans *much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: the leſſer* Ajax *ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.*

THE

*FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

BUT nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of *Neſtor*'s watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' encreaſing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.

* The Poet, to advance the character of *Neſtor*, and give us a due eſteem for his conduct and circumſpection, repreſents him as deeply ſollicitous for the common good: in the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and iſſue of the battle: and through

What new alarm, divine *Machaon*, ſay,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught diſpel thy care,
Let *Hecamede* the ſtrength'ning bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeizing *Thraſimedes'* ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;

his long uſe and ſkill in martial events, he judges from the nature of the uproar ſtill encreaſing, that the fortune of the day is held no longer in ſuſpenſe, but inclines to one ſide. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 1. *But nor the genial feaſt.*] At the end of the eleventh book we left *Neſtor* at the table with *Machaon*. The attack of the entrenchments, deſcribed through the twelfth and thirteenth books, happened while *Neſtor* and *Machaon* ſat at the table; nor is there any improbability herein, ſince there is nothing performed in thoſe two books, but what might naturally happen in the ſpace of two hours. *Homer* conſtantly follows the thread of his narration, and never ſuffers his reader to forget the train of action, or the time it employs. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 10. *Let* Hecamede *the bath prepare.*] The cuſtom of women officiating to men in the bath, was uſual in ancient times. Examples are frequent in the *Odyſſey*. And it is not at all more odd, or to be ſneered at, than the cuſtom now uſed in *France*, of *Valets de Chambres* dreſſing and undreſſing the ladies.

(That day, the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſu'd from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the *Greeks* in flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps:

℣. 21. *As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps.*] There are no where more finiſhed pictures of nature than thoſe which *Homer* draws in ſeveral of his compariſons. The beauty however of ſome of theſe will be loſt to many, who cannot perceive the reſemblance, having never had opportunity to obſerve the things themſelves. The life of this deſcription will be moſt ſenſible to thoſe who have been at ſea in a calm: in this condition the water is not entirely motionleſs, but ſwells gently in ſmooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing motion: this ſtate continues till a riſing wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls them one certain way. There is ſcarce any thing in the whole compaſs of nature that can more exactly repreſent the ſtate of an irreſolute mind, wavering between two different deſigns, ſometimes inclining to the one, ſometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its reſolution is at laſt determined. Every circumſtance of this compariſon is both beautiful and juſt; and it is the more to be admired, becauſe it is very difficult to find ſenſible images proper to repreſent the motions of the mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with ſuch compariſons even in the beſt Poets. There is one of great beauty in *Virgil*, upon a ſubject very like this, where he compares his hero's mind, agitated with a great va-

While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the *Pylian* ſage,
To join the hoſt, or to the Gen'ral haſte;
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt:

riety, and quick ſucceſſion of thoughts, to a dancing light reflected from a veſſel of water in motion:

" Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æſtu,
" Atque animum, nunc huc, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
" In parteſque rapit varias, perque omnia verſat.
" Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
" Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
" Omnia pervolitat latè loca; jamque ſub auras
" Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti."

Æn. l. viii. ℣. 19.

℣. 30. *He fixes on the laſt.*] *Neſtor* appears in this place a great friend to his Prince; for upon deliberating whether he ſhould go through the body of the *Grecian* hoſt, or elſe repair to *Agamemnon*'s tent; he determines at laſt, and judges it the beſt way to go to the latter. Now becauſe it had been ill concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way round about in queſt of his commander, *Homer* has ordered it ſo, that he ſhould meet *Agamemnon* in his way thither. And nothing could be better imagined than the reaſon, why the wounded Princes left their tents; they were impatient to behold the battle, anxious for its ſucceſs, and deſirous to in-

Yet, as he moves, the fight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming falchions flaſh, the jav'lins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded Princes meet,
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet:
The King of Men, *Ulyſſes* the divine,
And who to *Tydeus* owes his noble line.
(Their ſhips at diſtance from the battle ſtand,
In lines advanc'd along the ſhelving ſtrand:

ſpirit the ſoldiers by their preſence. The Poet was obliged to give a reaſon; for in *Epick* Poetry, as well as in *Dramatick*, no perſon ought to be introduced without ſome neceſſity, or at leaſt ſome probability, for his appearance. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 39. *Their ſhips at diſtance*, &c.] *Homer* being always careful to diſtinguiſh each ſcene of action, gives a very particular deſcription of the ſtation of the ſhips, ſhewing in what manner they lay drawn up on the land. This he had only hinted at before; but here taking occaſion on the wounded heroes coming from their ſhips, which were at a diſtance from the fight (while others were engaged in the defence of thoſe ſhips where the wall was broke down) he tells us, that the ſhore of the bay (comprehended between the *Rhætean* and *Sigæan* promontories) was not ſufficient to contain the ſhips in one line: which they were therefore obliged to draw up in ranks, ranged in parallel lines along the ſhore. How many of theſe lines there were, the Poet does not determine. M. *Dacier*, without giving any reaſon for her opinion, ſays they were but two; one advanced near the wall, the other on the verge of the ſea. But it is more than probable, that there were ſeveral interme-

Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor:
Who landed firſt, lay higheſt on the ſhore.)

diate lines; ſince the order in which the veſſels lay is here deſcribed by a metaphor taken from the ſteps of a *ſcaling-ladder*; which had been no way proper to give an image only of two ranks, but very fit to repreſent a greater, though undetermined number. That there were more than two lines, may likewiſe be inferred from what we find in the beginning of the eleventh book; where it is ſaid, that the voice of *Diſcord*, ſtanding on the ſhip of *Ulyſſes*, *in the middle of the fleet*, was heard as far as the ſtations of *Achilles* and *Ajax*, *whoſe ſhips were drawn up in the two extremities:* thoſe of *Ajax* were neareſt the wall (as is expreſsly ſaid in the 682d verſe of the thirteenth book, *in the original)* and thoſe of *Achilles* neareſt the ſea, as appears from many paſſages ſcattered through the *Iliad.*

It muſt be ſuppoſed that thoſe ſhips were drawn higheſt upon land, which firſt approached the ſhore; the firſt line therefore conſiſted of thoſe who firſt diſembarked, which were the ſhips of *Ajax* and *Proteſilaus*; the latter of whom ſeems mentioned in the verſe above-cited of the thirteenth book, only to give occaſion to obſerve this; for he was ſlain, as he landed firſt of the *Greeks.* And accordingly we ſhall ſee in the fifteenth book, it is his ſhip that is firſt attacked by the *Trojans*, as it lay the neareſt to them.

We may likewiſe gueſs how it happens, that the ſhips of *Achilles* were placed neareſt to the ſea; for in the anſwer of *Achilles* to *Ulyſſes* in the ninth book, ỳ 432. he mentions a naval expedition he had made while *Agamemnon* lay ſafe in the camp: ſo that his ſhips at their return did naturally lie next the ſea; which, without this conſideration, might appear a ſtation not ſo becoming this hero's courage.

Supported on their ſpears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Neſtor's approach alarm'd each *Grecian* breaſt,
Whom thus the Gen'ral of the hoſt addreſt.

O grace and glory of th' *Achaian* name!
What drives thee, *Neſtor*, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud *Hector* ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too ſoon made good,
On many a *Grecian* boſom writ in blood.
Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your King, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful eyes
In ev'ry *Greek* a new *Achilles* riſe?

Gerenian Neſtor then. So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming Time has Fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from the aërial bow'r,
Not *Jove* himſelf, upon the paſt has pow'r.

℣. 47. Neſtor's *approach alarm'd.*] That ſo laborious a perſon as *Neſtor* has been deſcribed, ſo indefatigable, ſo little indulgent of his extreme age, and one that never receded from the battle, ſhould approach to meet them; this it was that ſtruck the Princes with amazement, when they ſaw he had left the field. *Euſtathius.*

The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ſhips their conqu'ring arms extend,
And groans of ſlaughter'd *Greeks* to heav'n aſcend.
On ſpeedy meaſures then employ your thought,
In ſuch diſtreſs. If counſel profit ought;
Arms cannot much: tho' *Mars* our ſouls incite;
Theſe gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the Monarch. That our army bends,
That *Troy* triumphant our high fleet aſcends,
And that the rampart, late our ſureſt truſt,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking in the duſt:
All this from *Jove*'s afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from *Argos*, wills our ruin here.
Paſt are the days when happier *Greece* was bleſt,
And all his favour, all his aid confeſt;
Now heav'n averſe, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the *Trojan* glory to the ſkies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
And lanch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main;

℣. 81. *Ceaſe we at length*, &c.] *Agamemnon* either does not know what courſe to take in this diſtreſs, or only ſounds the ſentiments of his nobles, (as he did in the ſecond book, of

Leave theſe at anchor 'till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous *Troy* forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the danger we may ſhun.

Thus he. The ſage *Ulyſſes* thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes.

the whole army.) He delivers himſelf firſt after *Neſtor*'s ſpeech, as it became a counſellor to do: but knowing this advice to be diſhonourable, and unſuitable to the character he aſſumes elſewhere ἰδρώσει μὲν τοι Τελαμὼν, &c. and conſidering that he ſhould do no better than abandon his poſt, when before he had threatened the deſerters with death; he reduces his counſel into the form of a proverb, diſguiſing it as handſomely as he can under a ſentence. *It is better to ſhun an evil*, &c. It is obſervable too how he has qualified the expreſſion: he does not ſay, to *ſhun the battle*, for that had been unſoldierly; but he ſoftens the phraſe, and calls it, to ſhun *evil:* and this word *evil* he applies twice together, in adviſing them to leave the engagement.

It is farther remarked, that this was the nobleſt opportunity for a General to try the temper of his officers; for he knew that in a calm of affairs, it was common with moſt people, either out of flattery or reſpect to ſubmit to their leaders: but in imminent danger fear does not bribe them, but every one diſcovers his very ſoul, valuing all other conſiderations, in regard to his ſafety, but in the ſecond place. He knew the men he ſpoke to were prudent perſons, and not eaſy to caſt themſelves into a precepitate flight. He might likewiſe have a mind to recommend himſelf to his army by the means of his officers; which he was not very able to do of himſelf, angry as they were at him, for the affront he had offered *Achilles*, and by conſequence thinking him the Author of all their preſent calamities. *Euſtathius.*

What ſhameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart?
Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by *Jove* endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus deſert the *Trojan* plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, leſt a *Greek* ſhould hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?

℣. 92. *Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,*
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!]

This is a noble compliment to his country and to the *Grecian* army, to ſhew that it was an impoſſibility for them to follow even their General in any thing that was cowardly, or ſhameful; though the lives and ſafeties of them all were concerned in it.

And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The banded legions of all *Greece* obey?
Is this a Gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
What more could *Troy*? What yet their fate denies
Thou giv'ſt the foe: all *Greece* becomes their prize.
No more the troops, (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue;
But thy ſhips flying, with deſpair ſhall ſee;
And owe deſtruction to a Prince like thee.
Thy juſt reproofs (*Atrides* calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
I force not *Greece* to quit this hateful coaſt.

℣. 104. *And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign ſway*
The banded legions of all Greece *obey?*]

As who ſhould ſay, that another man might indeed have uttered the ſame advice, but it could not be a perſon of prudence; or if he had prudence, he could not be a governour, but a private man; or if a governour, yet one who had not a well-diſciplined and obedient army; or laſtly, if he had an army ſo conditioned, yet it could not be ſo large and numerous an one as that of *Agamemnon*. This is a fine climax, and of wonderful ſtrength. *Euſtathius*.

Glad I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

Tydides cut him ſhort, and thus began.
Such counſel if you ſeek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he ſhall ſay,
Young tho' he be, diſdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty *Tydeus* ſprings,
May ſpeak to Councils and aſſembled Kings.

℣. 118. *Whoe'er, or young or old,* &c.] This nearly reſembles an ancient cuſtom at *Athens*, where in times of trouble and diſtreſs, every one, of what age or quality ſoever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom, by the publick cryer. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 120.] This ſpeech of *Diomed* is naturally introduced, beginning with an anſwer, as if he had been called upon to give his Advice. The counſel he propoſes was that alone which could be of any real ſervice in their preſent exigency: however, ſince he ventures to adviſe where *Ulyſſes* is at a loſs, and *Neſtor* himſelf ſilent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty by reminding them of his birth and deſcent, hoping thence to add to his counſel a weight and authority which he could not from his years and experience. It cannot indeed be denied that this hiſtorical digreſſion ſeems more out of ſeaſon than any of the ſame kind which we ſo frequently meet with in *Homer*, ſince his birth and parentage muſt have been ſufficiently known to all at the ſiege, as he here tells them. This muſt be owned a defect not altogether to be excuſed in the Poet, but which may receive ſome alleviation, if conſidered as a fault of temperament. For he had certainly a ſtrong inclination to genealogical ſtories, and too frequently takes occaſion to gratify this humour.

Hear then in me the great *Oenides'* ſon,
Whoſe honour'd duſt (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the *Theban* wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold ſons was gen'rous *Prothous* bleſt,
Who *Pleuron*'s walls and *Calydon* poſſeſt;
Melas and *Agrius*, but (who far ſurpaſt
The reſt in courage) *Oeneus* was the laſt.
From him, my Sire. From *Calydon* expell'd,
He paſt to *Argos*, and in exile dwell'd;
The Monarch's daughter there (ſo *Jove* ordain'd)
He won, and flouriſh'd where *Adraſtus* reign'd;
There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harveſt yield,
And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such *Tydeus* was, the foremoſt once in fame!
Nor lives in *Greece* a ſtranger to his name.

℣. 135. *He paſt to* Argos.] This is a very artful colour: he calls the flight of his father for killing one of his brothers, *travelling and dwelling at* Argos, without mentioning the cauſe and occaſion of his retreat. What immediately follows *(ſo* Jove *ordain'd)* does not only contain in it a diſguiſe of his crime, but is a juſt motive likewiſe for our compaſſion. *Euſtathius.*

Then, what for common good my thoughts inſpire,
Attend, and in the ſon, reſpect the ſire.
Tho' ſore of battle, tho' with wounds oppreſt,
Let each go forth, and animate the reſt,
Advance the glory which he cannot ſhare,
Tho' not partaker, witneſs of the war.
But leſt new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the miſſile jav'lin's ſounding flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and from the tumult far,
Inſpire the ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
He added not: the liſt'ning Kings obey,
Slow moving on; *Atrides* leads the way.

℣. 146. *Let each go forth, and animate the reſt.*] It is worth a remark, with what management and diſcretion the Poet has brought theſe four Kings, and no more towards the engagement, ſince theſe are ſufficient alone to perform all he requires. For *Neſtor* propoſes to them to enquire, if there be any way or means which prudence can direct for their ſecurity. *Agamemnon* attempts to diſcover that method. *Ulyſſes* refutes him, as one whoſe method was diſhonourable, but propoſes no other project. *Diomed* ſupplies that deficiency, and ſhews what muſt be done; That wounded as they are, they ſhould go forth to the battle; for though they were not able to engage, yet their preſence would re-eſtabliſh their affairs by detaining in arms thoſe who might otherwiſe quit the field. This council is embraced, and readily obeyed by the reſt. *Euſtathius.*

The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a Warriour furrow'd o'er with age;
Preſt in his own, the Gen'ral's hand he took,
And thus the venerable Hero ſpoke.

Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may *Jove* diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame!
But heav'n forſakes not thee: o'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd *Trojan* bands
Fly diverſe; while proud Kings, and Chiefs renown'd,
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in *Troy*.

He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warriour crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the ſhout encount'ring armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the lab'ring field;

Such was the voice, and ſuch the thund'ring ſound
Of him, whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground. 176
Each *Argive* boſom beats to meet the fight,
And griſly war appears a pleaſing ſight.
Meantime *Saturnia* from *Olympus'* brow,
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below; 180

℣. 179. *The ſtory of* Jupiter *and* Juno.] I do not know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of *Jupiter*'s being deceived and laid aſleep, or that has a greater air of impiety and abſurdity. It is an obſervation of Monſ. *de St. Evremond* upon the ancient poets, which every one will agree to: "That "it is ſurpriſing enough to find them ſo ſcrupulous to preſerve "probability, in actions purely human; and ſo ready to vio- "late it in repreſenting the actions of the Gods. Even thoſe "who have ſpoken more ſagely than the reſt, of their nature, "could not forbear to ſpeak extravagantly of their conduct. "When they eſtabliſh their being and their attributes, they "make them immortal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wiſe, "and perfectly good: but the moment they repreſent them "acting, there is no weakneſs to which they do not make "them ſtoop, and no folly or wickedneſs they do not make "them commit." The ſame author anſwers this in another place by remarking, "That truth was not the inclination of "the firſt ages: a fooliſh lye or a lucky falſhood gave repu- "tation to impoſtors, and pleaſure to the credulous. It was "the whole ſecret of the great and the wiſe, to govern the "ſimple and ignorant herd. The vulgar, who pay a pro- "found reverence to myſterious errors, would have deſpiſed "plain truth, and it was thought a piece of prudence to de- "ceive them. All the diſcourſes of the ancients were fitted "to ſo advantageous a deſign. There was nothing to be "ſeen but fictions, allegories, and ſimilitudes, and nothing "was to appear as it was in itſelf."

With Joy the glorious conflict ſhe ſurvey'd,
Where her great brother gave the *Grecians* aid.

I muſt needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the morality of this fable; but what colour of excuſe for it *Homer* might have from ancient tradition, or what myſtical or allegorical ſenſe might attone for the appearing impiety, is hard to be aſcertained at this diſtant period of time. That there had been before his age a tradition of *Jupiter's* being laid aſleep, appears from the ſtory of *Hercules* at *Coos*, referred to by our author, *ν*. 285. There is alſo a paſſage in *Diodorus*, *lib.* i. *c.* 7. which gives ſome ſmall light to this fiction. Among other reaſons which that hiſtorian lays down to prove that *Homer* travelled into *Ægypt*, he alledges this paſſage of the interview of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, which he ſays was grounded upon an *Ægyptian* feſtival, *whereon the nuptial ceremonies of thoſe two deities were celebrated, at which time both their tabernacles, adorned with all ſorts of flowers, are carried by the prieſts to the top of a high mountain.* Indeed as the greateſt part of the ceremonies of the ancient religions conſiſted in ſome ſymbolical repreſentations of certain actions of their Gods, or rather deified mortals, ſo a great part of ancient poetry conſiſted in the deſcription of the actions exhibited in thoſe ceremonies. The loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* are a remarkable inſtance of this kind, which, though under different names, were celebrated by annual repreſentations, as well in *Ægypt* as in ſeveral nations of *Greece* and *Aſia*: and to the images which were carried in theſe feſtivals, ſeveral ancient poets were indebted for their moſt happy deſcriptions. If the truth of this obſervation of *Diodorus* be admitted, the preſent paſſage will appear with more dignity, being grounded on religion; and the conduct of the Poet will be more juſtifiable, if that, which has been generally counted an indecent, wanton fiction, ſhould prove to be the repreſentation of a religious ſolemnity. Conſidering the great ignorance we are in of many ancient ceremonies, there may be probably in *Homer* many incidents entirely of this nature; wherefore we ought to be reſerved in our

But plac'd aloft, on *Ida*'s ſhady height
She ſees her *Jove*, and trembles at the ſight.

cenſures, leſt what we decry as wrong in the Poet, ſhould prove only a fault in his religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any people, or any age whatever, with groſſneſs in general, purely from the groſs or abſurd ideas or practices that are to be found in their religions.

In the next place, if we have recourſe to allegory, (which ſoftens and reconciles every thing) it may be imagined that by the congreſs of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, is meant the mingling of the *æther* and the *air* (which are generally ſaid to be ſignified by theſe two deities.) The ancients believed the *æther* to be igneous, and that by its kind influence upon the air, it was the cauſe of all vegetation: to which nothing more exactly correſponds, than the fiction of the earth putting forth her flowers immediately upon this congreſs. *Virgil* has ſome lines in the ſecond *Georgick*, that ſeem a perfect explanation of the fable into this ſenſe. In deſcribing the ſpring, he hints as if ſomething of a vivifying influence was at that time ſpread from the upper heavens into the air. He calls *Jupiter* expreſsly *Æther*, and repreſents him operating upon his ſpouſe for the production of all things:

" Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus æther
" Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit, & omnes
" Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus.
" Parturit omnis ager, &c."

But, be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this fable in a theological or philoſophical view, it is one of the moſt beautiful pieces that ever was produced by Poetry. Neither does it want its moral; an ingenious modern writer (whom I am pleaſed to take any occaſion of quoting) has given it us in theſe words:

" This paſſage of *Homer* may ſuggeſt abundance of inſtruc-
" tion to a woman who has a mind to preſerve or recall the
" affection of her huſband. The care of her perſon and dreſs,

Jove to deceive, what methods ſhall ſhe try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length ſhe truſts her pow'r; reſolv'd to prove
The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, cheat of love;
Againſt his wiſdom to oppoſe her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.

Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to dreſs and beauty's pleaſing cares:

" with the particular blandiſhments woven in the *Ceſtus*, are " ſo plainly recommended by this fable, and ſo indiſpenſably " neceſſary in every female who deſires to pleaſe, that they " need no farther explanation. The diſcretion likewiſe in " covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of " others, is taught in the pretended viſit to *Tethys*, in the " ſpeech where *Juno* addreſſes herſelf to *Venus*; as the chaſte " and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated " by the ſame pretence for her appearing before *Jupiter*, and " by the concealment of the *Ceſtus* in her boſom. I ſhall " leave this tale to the conſideration of ſuch good houſewives, " who are never well dreſſed but when they are abroad, and " think it neceſſary to appear more agreeable to all men living " than their huſbands: as alſo to thoſe prudent ladies, who, " to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their " huſbands with indifference, averſion, ſullen ſilence, or ex- " aſperating language."

℣. 191. *Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs*, &c.] This paſſage may be of conſideration to the Ladies, and, for their ſakes, I take a little pains to obſerve upon it. *Homer* tells us that the very Goddeſſes, who are all over charms, never dreſs in ſight of any one: the Queen of Heaven adorns herſelf in private, and the doors lock after her. In *Homer* there are no *Dieux des Ruelles*, no Gods are admitted to the toilet.

With ſkill divine had *Vulcan* form'd the bow'r,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding pow'r.
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her ſhut the valves of gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambroſial ſhow'rs:

I am afraid there are ſome earthly Goddeſſes of leſs prudence, who have loſt much of the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. *Lucretius* (a very good judge in gallantry) preſcribes as a cure to a deſperate lover, the frequent ſight of his miſtreſs undreſſed. *Juno* herſelf has ſuffered a little by the very *Muſe*'s peeping into her chamber, ſince ſome nice criticks are ſhocked in this place of *Homer*, to find that the Goddeſs waſhes herſelf, which preſents ſome idea as if ſhe was dirty. Thoſe who have delicacy will profit by this remark.

℣. 198. *Soft oils of fragrance.*] The practice of *Juno* in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient *Coſmeticks*, though entirely diſuſed in the modern arts of dreſs. It may poſſibly offend the niceneſs of modern ladies; but ſuch of them as paint, ought to conſider that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanlineſs. This paſſage is a clear inſtance of the antiquity of this cuſtom, and clearly determines againſt *Pliny*, (who is of opinion that it was not ſo ancient as thoſe times,) where, ſpeaking of perfumed unguents, he ſays, *Quis primus invenerit, non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant*, lib. xiii. c. 1. Beſides the cuſtom of anointing Kings among the *Jews*, which the Chriſtians have borrowed; there are ſeveral alluſions in the *Old Teſtament* which ſhew, that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The *Pſalmiſt*, ſpeaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil, the former to make glad the heart of man, and the latter to give him a

The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' aërial way:
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets
The ſenſe of Gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;

chearful countenance. It ſeems moſt probable that this was an eaſtern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the *Aſiaticks*, among whom the moſt proper ingredients for theſe unguents were produced; from them this cuſtom was propagated among the *Romans*, by whom it was eſteemed a pleaſure of a very refined nature. Whoever is curious to ſee inſtances of their expence and delicacy therein, may be ſatisfied in the three firſt chapters of the thirteenth book of *Pliny*'s *Natural Hiſtory*.

℣. 203. *Thus while ſhe breath'd of heav'n*, &c.] We have here a compleat picture from head to foot of the dreſs of the *Fair Sex*, and of the mode between two and three thouſand years ago. May I have leave to obſerve the great ſimplicity of *Juno*'s dreſs, in compariſon with the innumerable equipage of a modern toilet? The Goddeſs, even when ſhe is ſetting herſelf out on the greateſt occaſion, has only her own locks to tie, a white veil to caſt over them, a mantle to dreſs her whole body, her pendants, and her ſandals. This the Poet expreſsly ſays was *all her dreſs* [πάνλα κόσμον;] and one may reaſonably conclude it was all that was uſed by the greateſt Princeſſes and fineſt Beauties of thoſe times. The good *Euſtathius* is raviſhed to find, that here are no waſhes for the face, no dyes for the hair, and none of thoſe artificial embelliſhments ſince in practice; he alſo rejoices not a little, that *Juno* has no looking-glaſs, tire-woman, or waiting-maid. One may preach till doomſday on this ſubject, but all the commentators in the world will never prevail upon a lady to ſtick one pin the leſs in her gown, except ſhe can be convinced that the ancient dreſs will better ſet off her perſon.

Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
That rich with *Pallas'* labour'd colours glow'd:

As the *Aſiaticks* always ſurpaſſed the *Grecians* in whatever regarded magnificence and luxury, ſo we find their women far gone in the contrary extreme of dreſs. There is a paſſage in *Iſaiah*, ch. iii. that gives us a particular account of their wardrobe, with the number and uſeleſſneſs of their ornaments; and which I think appears very well in contraſt to this of *Homer*. *The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon: the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings and noſe-jewels, the changeable ſuits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the criſping-pins, the glaſſes, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.*

I could be glad to aſk the ladies which they ſhould like beſt to imitate, the *Greeks* or the *Aſiaticks?* I would deſire thoſe that are handſome and well-made, to conſider, that the dreſs of *Juno* (which is the ſame they ſee in *ſtatues*) has manifeſtly the advantage of the preſent, in diſplaying whatever is beauful: that the charms of the *neck* and *breaſt* are not leſs laid open, than by the modern ſtays; and that thoſe of the *leg* are more gracefully diſcovered, than even by the hoop-petticoat: that the fine turn of the *arms* is better obſerved; and that ſeveral natural graces of the *ſhape* and *body* appear much more conſpicuous. It is not to be denied but the *Aſiatick* and our preſent modes were better contrived to conceal ſome people's defects, but I do not ſpeak to ſuch people: I ſpeak only to ladies of that beauty, who can make any faſhion prevail by their being ſeen in it; and who put others of their ſex under the wretched neceſſity of being like them in their habits, or not being like them at all. As for the reſt, let them follow the mode of *Judæa*, and be content with the name of *Aſiaticks*.

Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n ſnow, and dazling as the light.
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant, with majeſtick pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddeſs moves,
And calls the Mother of the *Smiles* and *Loves*.

℣. 216. *Thus iſſuing radiant*, &c.] Thus the Goddeſs comes from her apartment, againſt her ſpouſe, in compleat armour. The women of pleaſure moſtly prevail by pure cunning, and the artful management of their perſons; for there is but one way for the weak to ſubdue the mighty, and that is by pleaſure. The Poet ſhews at the ſame time, that men of underſtanding are not maſtered without a great deal of artifice and addreſs. There are but three ways whereby to overcome another, by violence, by perſuaſion, or by craft: *Jupiter* was invincible by main force; to think of perſuading was as fruitleſs, after he had paſſed his nod to *Achilles*; therefore *Juno* was obliged of neceſſity to turn her thoughts entirely upon craft; and by the force of pleaſure it is, that ſhe inſnares and manages the God. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 218. *And calls the Mother of the* Smiles *and* Loves.] Notwithſtanding all the pains *Juno* has been at, to adorn herſelf, ſhe is ſtill conſcious that neither the natural beauty of her perſon, nor the artificial one of her dreſs, will be ſufficient to work upon a huſband. She therefore has recourſe to the *Ceſtus* of *Venus*, as a kind of love-charm, not doubting to

How long (to *Venus* thus apart ſhe cry'd)
Shall human ſtrife celeſtial minds divide?

enflame his mind by *magical enchantment*; a folly which in all ages has poſſeſt her ſex. To procure this, ſhe applies to the Goddeſs of Love; from whom hiding her real deſign under a *feigned ſtory*, (another propriety in the character of the fair) ſhe obtains the valuable preſent of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the *Ceſtus* lies very open, though the impertinences of *Euſtathius* on this head are unſpeakable: in it are compriſed the moſt powerful *incentives* to love, as well as the ſtrongeſt *effects* of the paſſion. The juſt admiration of this paſſage has been always ſo great and univerſal, that the *Ceſtus* of *Venus* is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines, which in a few words comprehend this agreeable fiction, can ſcarce be equalled: ſo beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may obſerve a few additional figures, expreſſing ſome of the improvements which the affectation, or artifice of the fair ſex, have introduced into the art of love ſince *Homer*'s days. *Taſſo* has finely imitated this deſcription in the magical girdle of *Armida*. *Gieruſalemme Liberata*, cant. xvi.

" Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille
" Repulſe, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,
" Sorriſi, parolette, e dolci ſtille
" Di pianto, e ſoſpir tronchi, e molli baci."

Monſ. *de la Motte*'s imitation of this fiction is likewiſe wonderfully beautiful.

" Ce tiſſu, le ſimbole, & la cauſe à la fois,
" Du pouvoir de l'amour, du charme de ſes loix.
" Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet ardeur qui touche;
" D'un ſourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche;
" Paſſionne la voix, en adoucit les ſons,
" Prête ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raiſons;

Ah yet, will *Venus* aid *Saturnia*'s joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of *Greece* and *Troy*?
Let heav'n's dread Empreſs *(Cytherœa* ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the Queen) thoſe conqu'ring charms,
That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of heav'n with ſacred fires!

" Inſpire, pour toucher, ces tendres ſtratagêmes,
" Ces refus attirans, l'ecueil des ſages mêmes.
" Et la nature enfin, y voulut renfermer,
" Tout ce qui perſuade, & ce qui fait aimer.
" En prenant ce tiſſu, que Venus lui preſente,
" Junon n'etoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
" Les graces, & les ris, les plaiſirs, & les jeux,
" Surpris cherchent Venus, doutent qui l'eſt des deux.
" L'amour même trompè, trove Junon plus belle;
" Et ſon arc à la main, deja vole après elle."

Spenſer, in his fourth book, canto 5. deſcribes a girdle of *Venus* of a very different nature: for *this* had the power to raiſe up looſe deſires in others; *that* had a more wonderful faculty, to ſuppreſs them in the perſon that wore it: but it had a moſt dreadful quality, to burſt aſunder whenever tied about any but a chaſte boſom. Such a girdle, it is to be feared, would produce effects very different from the other: *Homer*'s *Ceſtus* would be a peace-maker to reconcile man and wife; but *Spenſer*'s *Ceſtus* would probably deſtroy the good agreement of many a happy couple.

For lo! I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of Gods!)
Ocean and *Tethys* their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What-time old *Saturn*, from *Olympus* caſt,
Of upper heav'n to *Jove* reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age?
She ſaid. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of *Jove*:
And from her fragrant breaſt the Zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand the *Cyprian* Goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid.
With ſmiles ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The pow'rful *Ceſtus* to her ſnowy breaſt.

Then *Venus* to the courts of *Jove* withdrew;
Whilſt from *Olympus* pleas'd *Saturnia* flew.
O'er high *Pieria* thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair *Emathia*'s ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er *Hæmus*' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.

℣. 255. — — *And preſt The pow'rful Ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.*] *Euſtathius* takes notice, that the word *Ceſtus* is not the name, but epithet only, of *Venus*'s girdle; though the epithet has prevailed ſo far as to become the proper name in common uſe. This has happened to others of our Author's epithets; the word *Pygmy* is of the ſame nature. *Venus* wore this girdle below her neck, and in open ſight, but *Juno* hides it in her boſom, to ſhew the difference of the two characters: it ſuits well with *Venus* to make a ſhew of whatever is engaging in her; but *Juno*, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modeſt.

Then taking wing from *Athos'* lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to *Lemnos* o'er the rolling deep, 264
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, *Sleep*.

ϒ. 264. *She ſpeeds to* Lemnos *o'er the rolling deep,*
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.]

In this fiction *Homer* introduces a new divine perſonage: it does not appear whether this God of *Sleep* was a God of *Homer*'s creation, or whether his pretenſions to divinity were of more ancient date. The Poet indeed ſpeaks of him as of one formerly active in ſome heavenly tranſactions. Be this as it will, ſucceeding Poets have always acknowledged his title. *Virgil* would not let his *Æneid* be without a perſon ſo proper for poetical machinery; though he has employed him with much leſs art than his maſter, ſince he appears in the fifth book without provocation or commiſſion, only to deſtroy the *Trojan* Pilot. The criticks, who cannot ſee all the allegories which the commentators pretend to find in *Homer*'s divinities, muſt be obliged to acknowledge the reality and propriety of this; ſince every thing that is here ſaid of this imaginary Deity is juſtly applicable to Sleep. He is called the *Brother of Death*; ſaid to be protected by *Night*; and is employed very naturally to lull a huſband to reſt in the embraces of his wife; which effect of this *conjugal opiate*, even the modeſt *Virgil* has remarked in the perſons of *Vulcan* and *Venus*, probably with an eye to this paſſage of *Homer*:

"— — — — Placidumque petivit
"Conjugis infuſus gremio per membra ſoporem."

ϒ. 264. *To* Lemnos.] The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reaſon why *Juno* ſeeks for *Sleep* in *Lemnos*. Some finding out that *Lemnos* anciently abounded with wine, inform us that it was a proper place of reſidence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of Sleep. Others will have it, that this God being in love with *Paſithaë*, who reſided with her ſiſter the wife of *Vulcan*, in *Lemnos*, it was very probable he

Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (*Saturnia* thus began)
Who ſpread'ſt thy empire o'er each God and Man;
If e'er obſequious to thy *Juno*'s will,
O Pow'r of Slumbers! hear, and favour ſtill.

might be found haunting near his miſtreſs. Other commentators perceiving the weakneſs of theſe conjectures, will have it that *Juno* met *Sleep* here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether *Homer* might not deſign this fiction as a piece of raillery upon the ſluggiſhneſs of the *Lemnians*; though this character of them does not appear? A kind of ſatire like that of *Arioſto*, who makes the Angel find *Diſcord* in a monaſtery? Or like that of *Boileau* in his *Lutrin*, where he places *Moleſſe* in a dormitory of the Monks of St. *Bernard*.

℣. 266. *Sweet pleaſing Sleep*, &c.] *Virgil* has copied ſome part of this converſation between *Juno* and *Sleep*, where he introduces the ſame Goddeſs making a requeſt to *Æolus*. *Scaliger*, who is always eager to depreciate *Homer*, and zealous to praiſe his favourite Author, has highly cenſured this paſſage: but notwithſtanding this critick's judgment, an impartial reader will find, I do not doubt, much more art and beauty in the original than the copy. In the former, *Juno* endeavours to engage *Sleep* in her deſign by the promiſes of a proper and valuable preſent; but having formerly run a great hazard in a like attempt, he is not prevailed upon. Hereupon the Goddeſs, knowing his paſſion for one of the *Graces*, engages to give her to his deſires: this hope brings the lover to conſent, but not before he obliges *Juno* to confirm her promiſe by an oath in the moſt ſolemn manner, the very words and ceremony whereof he preſcribes to her. Theſe are all beautiful and poetical circumſtances, moſt whereof are untouched by *Virgil*, and which *Scaliger* therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes *Juno* demand a favour from *Æolus*, which he had no reaſon to refuſe; and promiſe him a reward,

Shed thy ſoft dews on *Jove*'s immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne, that ſhine
With gold unfading, *Somnus* ſhall be thine;
The work of *Vulcan*; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.

Imperial Dame (the balmy pow'r replies)
Great *Saturn*'s heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!

which it does not appear he was fond of. The *Latin* Poet has indeed with great judgment added one circumſtance concerning the promiſe of children,

"— — & pulchrâ faciat te prole parentem."

And this is very conformable to the religion of the *Romans*, among whom *Juno* was ſuppoſed to preſide over human birth; but it does not appear ſhe had any ſuch office in the *Greek* theology.

℣. 272. *A ſplendid footſtool.*] Notwithſtanding the cavils of *Scaliger*, it may be allowed that an eaſy chair was no improper preſent for *Sleep*. As to the footſtool, Madam *Dacier*'s obſervation is a very juſt one; that beſides its being a conveniency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from preſenting any low or trivial idea. It is upon that account we find it ſo frequently mentioned in ſcripture, where the earth is called *the footſtool of the throne of God*. In *Jeremiah*, *Judæa* is called, (as a mark of diſtinction) the footſtool of the feet of God. *Lament.* ii. ℣. 1. *And he remembered not the footſtool of his feet, in the day of his wrath.* We ſee here the ſame image, founded no doubt upon the ſame cuſtoms. *Dacier.*

O'er other Gods I ſpread my eaſy chain;
The Sire of all, old *Ocean*, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.
But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep,
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What-time, deſerting *Ilion*'s waſted plain,
His conqu'ring ſon, *Alcides*, plough'd the main.

ỳ. 279. *The Sire of all, old* Ocean.] "*Homer* (ſays *Plutarch*) calls the ſea *Father of All*, with a view to this doctrine, that all things were generated from water. *Thales* the *Mileſian*, the head of the *Ionick* Sect, who ſeems to have been the firſt author of Philoſophy, affirmed water to be the principle from whence all things ſpring, and into which all things are reſolved; becauſe the prolifick ſeed of all animals is a moiſture; all plants are nouriſhed by moiſture; the very ſun and ſtars, which are fire, are nouriſhed by moiſt vapours and exhalations; and conſequently he thought the world was produced from this element." *Plut. Opin. of Philoſ.* lib. i. cap. 3.

ỳ. 281. *But how, unbidden*, &c.] This particularly is worth remarking; *Sleep* tells *Juno* that he dares not approach *Jupiter* without his own order; whereby he ſeems to intimate, that a ſpirit of a ſuperiour kind may give itſelf up to a voluntary ceſſation of thought and action, though it does not want this relaxation from any weakneſs or neceſſity of its nature.

ỳ. 285. *What-time deſerting* Ilion's *waſted plain*, &c.] One may obſerve from hence, that to make falſity in fables uſeful and ſubſervient to our deſigns, it is not enough to cauſe the ſtory to reſemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by paral-

When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts roar,
And drive the hero to the *Coan* ſhore;
Great *Jove* awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky,
But gentle *Night*, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings diſplay'd;
Impower'd the wrath of Gods and Men to tame,
Ev'n *Jove* rever'd the venerable dame.

lel places; which method the Poet uſes elſewhere. Thus many have attempted great difficulties, and ſurmounted them. So did *Hercules*, ſo did *Juno*, ſo did *Pluto*. Here therefore the Poet feigning that *Sleep* is going to practiſe inſiduouſly upon *Jove*, prevents the ſtrangeneſs and incredibility of the tale, by ſquaring it to an ancient ſtory; which ancient ſtory was, that *Sleep* had once before got the maſtery of *Jove* in the caſe of *Hercules*. *Euſtathius*.

ℌ. 296. *Ev'n* Jove *rever'd the venerable dame.*] *Jupiter* is repreſented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offenſive or ungrateful to *Night*; the Poet (ſays *Euſtathius*) inſtructs us by this, that a wiſe and honeſt man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable perſons. Such was *Night* in regard of *Jupiter*, feigned as an anceſtor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the *Greek* theology teaches that *Night* and *Chaos* were before all things. Wherefore it was held ſacred to obey the *Night* in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to *Hector* and *Ajax*, in the ſeventh *Iliad*.

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of heav'n replies,
And ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtick eyes)
Think'ſt thou that *Troy* has *Jove*'s high favour won,
Like great *Alcides*, his all-conqu'ring ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd-one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt *Grace*, *Paſithaë* the divine.

Milton has made a fine uſe of this ancient opinion in relation to *Chaos* and *Night*, in the latter part of his ſecond book, where he deſcribes the paſſage of *Satan* through their empire. He calls them,

— — — — — Eldeſt *Night*
And *Chaos*, anceſtors of nature; ———

And alludes to the ſame, in thoſe noble verſes,

— — — — — Behold the throne
Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep: with him enthron'd
Sat ſable-veſted *Night*, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign. ———

That fine Apoſtrophe of *Spenſer* has alſo the ſame alluſion, book i.

O thou, moſt ancient grandmother of all,
More old than *Jove*, whom thou at firſt didſt breed,
Or that great houſe of Gods celeſtial;
Which was begot in *Demogorgon*'s hall,
And ſaw'ſt the ſecrets of the world unmade.

Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred Main.
Call the black *Titans*, that with *Chronos* dwell,
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd-one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt *Grace*, *Paſithaë* the divine.
The Queen aſſents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
Invokes the ſable Subtartarean pow'rs,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread *Titanian* Gods.
Then ſwift as wind, o'er *Lemnos* ſmoky iſle,
They wing their way, and *Imbrus'* ſea-beat ſoil;

℣. 307. *Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,*
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred Main, &c.]

There is ſomething wonderfully ſolemn in this manner of ſwearing propoſed by *Sleep* to *Juno*. How anſwerable is this idea to the dignity of the Queen of the Goddeſſes, where Earth, Ocean, and Hell itſelf, where the whole creation, all things viſible and inviſible, are called to be witneſſes of the oath of the Deity?

℣. 311. *That ſhe, my lov'd-one,* &c.] *Sleep* is here made to repeat the words of *Juno*'s promiſe, than which repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The lover fired with theſe hopes, inſiſts on the promiſe, dwelling with pleaſure on each circumſtance that relates to his fair one. The throne and footſtool, it ſeems, are quite out of his head,

Thro' air, unſeen, involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on *Lectos*, on the point of *Ide*;
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills)
Fair *Ida* trembles underneath the God;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod;
There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to the neighb'ring ſkies;
Dark in embow'ring ſhade, conceal'd from ſight,
Sat *Sleep*, in likeneſs of the bird of night.

ϒ. 323. *Fair* Ida *trembles.*] It is uſually ſuppoſed, at the approach or preſence of any heav'nly being, that upon their motion all ſhould ſhake that lies beneath them. Here the Poet giving a deſcription of the deſcent of theſe Deities upon the ground at *Lectos*, ſays that the loftieſt of the wood trembled under their feet: which expreſſion is to intimate the lightneſs and the ſwiftneſs of the motions of heavenly beings; the wood does not ſhake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horrour. *Euſtathius.*

ϒ. 328. *In likeneſs of the bird of night.*] This is a bird about the ſize of a hawk, entirely black; and that is the reaſon why *Homer* deſcribes *Sleep* under its form. Here (ſays *Euſtathius) Homer* lets us know, as well as in many other places, that he is no ſtranger to the language of the Gods. *Hobbes* has taken very much from the dignity of this ſuppoſition, in tranſlating the preſent lines in this manner.

And there ſat *Sleep*, in likeneſs of a fowl,
Which Gods do *Chalcis* call, and men an Owl.

(*Chalcis* his name by thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd *Cymindis* by the race of earth.)
To *Ida*'s top ſucceſsful *Juno* flies;
Great *Jove* ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The God, whoſe light'ning ſets the heav'ns on fire,
Thro' all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſport ſpoke.

We find in *Plato*'s *Cratylus* a diſcourſe of great ſubtilty, grounded chiefly on this obſervation of *Homer*, that the Gods and men call the ſame thing by different names. The Philoſopher ſuppoſes that in the original language every thing was expreſſed by a word; whoſe ſound was naturally apt to mark the nature of the thing ſignified. This great work he aſcribes to the Gods, ſince it required more knowledge both in the nature of ſounds and things, than man had attained to. This reſemblance, he ſays, was almoſt loſt in modern languages by the unſkilful alterations men had made, and the great licence they had taken in compounding of words. However, he obſerves there were yet among the *Greeks* ſome remains of this original language, of which he gives a few inſtances, adding, that many more were to be found in ſome of the barbarous languages, that had deviated leſs from the original, which was ſtill preſerved entire among the Gods. This appears a notion ſo uncommon, that I could not forbear to mention it.

Why comes my goddeſs from th' ætherial ſky,
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariot nigh?
Then ſhe— I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The rev'rend *Ocean* and grey *Tethys* reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main.
I viſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender years.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made that union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long this ancient pair in peace.
The ſteeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and ſeas, and thro' th' aërial way,
Wait under *Ide*: of thy ſuperiour pow'r
To aſk conſent, I leave th' *Olympian* bow'r;
Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
Deep under ſeas, where hoary *Ocean* dwells.
For that (ſaid *Jove*) ſuffice another day;
But eager love denies the leaſt delay.

℣. 345. —— *To whoſe indulging cares I owe the nurſing*, &c.] The allegory of this is very obvious. *Juno* is conſtantly underſtood to be the *air*: and we are here told ſhe was nouriſhed by the vapours which riſe from the *Ocean* and the *Earth*. For *Tethys* is the ſame with *Rhea*. *Euſtathius*.

Let ſofter cares the preſent hour employ,
And be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:
Not when I preſs'd *Ixion*'s matchleſs dame,
Whence roſe *Perithous* like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair *Danaë* felt the ſhow'r of gold
Stream into life, whence *Perſeus* brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either *Theban* dame,
(*Bacchus* from this, from that *Alcides* came):
Not *Phœnix*' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike *Rhadamanth* and *Minos* ſprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair *Latona*'s face,
Nor comlier *Ceres*' more majeſtick grace.

ỳ. 359. This courtſhip of *Jupiter* to *Juno* may poſſibly be thought pretty ſingular. He endeavours to prove the ardour of his paſſion to her, by the inſtances of its warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himſelf to *Juno*'s favour. Yet, after all, ſomething may be ſaid in defence of *Jupiter*'s way of thinking with reſpect to the Ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the ſex in general may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular. And to be known or thought to have been ſucceſsful with a good many, is what ſome moderns have found no unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a moſt virtuous one like *Juno*, eſpecially one who (like her) has had the experience of a married ſtate.

Not thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
As now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.
He ſpoke; the Goddeſs with the charming eyes
Glows with celeſtial red, and thus replies.
Is this a ſcene for love? On *Ida*'s height
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal ſight;
Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye;
The ſport of heav'n, and fable of the ſky.
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſt abodes,
Or mix among the ſenate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
With ſkill divine has *Vulcan* form'd thy bow'r,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If ſuch thy will, to that receſs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.
She ceas'd; and ſmiling with ſuperiour love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling *Jove*.
Nor God, nor mortal ſhall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the ſun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,
And whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurveys.

Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddeſs threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her boſom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:

ỳ. 395. *Glad earth perceives*, &c.] It is an obſervation of *Ariſtotle* in the xxvth chapter of his *Poeticks*, that when *Homer* is obliged to deſcribe any thing of itſelf abſurd or too improbable, he conſtantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with ſome ſhining deſcription. This paſſage is a remarkable inſtance of that artifice; for having imagined a fiction of very great abſurdity, that the Supreme Being ſhould be laid aſide in a female embrace, he immediately, as it were to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldneſs, pours forth a great variety of poetical ornaments; by deſcribing the various flowers the earth ſhoots up to compoſe their couch, the golden clouds that encompaſſed them, and the bright heavenly dews that were ſhowered round them. *Euſtathius* obſerves it as an inſtance of *Homer*'s modeſt conduct in ſo delicate an affair, that he has purpoſely adorned the bed of *Jupiter* with ſuch a variety of beautiful flowers, that the reader's thoughts being entirely taken up with theſe ornaments, might have no room for looſe imaginations. In the ſame manner an ancient Scholiaſt has obſerved, that the golden cloud was contrived to lock up this action from any farther enquiry of the reader.

I cannot conclude the notes on this ſtory of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, without obſerving with what particular care *Milton* has imitated the ſeveral beautiful parts of this epiſode, introducing them upon different occaſions as the ſubjects of his poem would admit. The circumſtance of *Sleep*'s ſitting in likeneſs of a bird on the fir-tree upon mount *Ida*, is alluded to in his ivth book, where *Satan* ſits in likeneſs of a cormorant on the tree of life. The creation is made to give the ſame tokens of joy at the performance of the nuptial rites of

Thick new-born vi'lets a ſoft carpet ſpread,
And cluſt'ring *Lotos* ſwell'd the riſing bed,

our firſt parents, as ſhe does here at the congreſs of *Jupiter* and *Juno*. *Lib.* viii.

——— To the nuptial bow'r
I led her bluſhing like the morn; all heav'n
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odours from the ſpicy ſhrub.

Thoſe lines alſo in the ivth book are manifeſtly from the ſame original:

——— Roſes and jeſſamine
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; under-foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground. ———

Where the very turn of *Homer*'s verſes is obſerved, and the cadence, and almoſt the words, finely tranſlated.

But it is with wonderful judgment and decency he has uſed that exceptionable paſſage of the dalliance, ardour, and enjoyment: that which ſeems in *Homer* an impious fiction, becomes a moral leſſon in *Milton*; ſince he makes that laſcivious rage of the paſſion the immediate effect of the ſin of our firſt parents after the fall. *Adam* expreſſes it in the words of *Jupiter*;

For never did thy beauty ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo enflame my ſenſe,
With ardour to enjoy thee; fairer now
Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!

And ſudden *Hyacinths* the turf beſtrow,
And flamy *Crocus* made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
Steep'd in ſoft joys and circumfus'd with air;
Celeſtial dews, deſcending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe *Ambroſia* round.
At length with love and ſleep's ſoft pow'r oppreſt,
The panting Thund'rer nods, and ſinks to reſt.

Now to the navy borne on ſilent wings,
To *Neptune*'s ear ſoft *Sleep* his meſſage brings;
Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the God.

So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of *Eve*, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her, nothing loath: flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth; earth's freſheſt, ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal;
The ſolace of their ſin: 'till dewy *Sleep*
Oppreſs'd them, weary of their amorous play.
Milton, l. ix.

Now, *Neptune!* now, th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of *Troy:*
While *Jove* yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhed
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For *Juno's* love, and *Somnus'* pleaſing ties,
Have clos'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having ſaid, the pow'r of ſlumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal encreas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus —— Oh once of martial fame!
O *Greeks!* if yet ye can deſerve the name!

℣. 417. *The pow'r of ſlumber flew.*] M. *Dacier* in her tranſlation of this paſſage has thought fit to diſſent from the common interpretation, as well as obvious ſenſe of the words. She reſtrains the general expreſſion ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων, *the famous nations of men*, to ſignify only the country of the *Lemnians*, who, ſhe ſays, were much *celebrated* on account of *Vulcan*. But this ſtrained interpretation cannot be admitted, eſpecially when the obvious meaning of the words expreſs what is very proper and natural. The God of *Sleep* having haſtily delivered his meſſage to *Neptune*, immediately leaves the hurry of the battle, (which was no proper ſcene for him) and retires among the tribe of mankind. The word κλυτὰ, on which M. *Dacier* grounds her criticiſm, is an expletive epithet very common in *Homer*, and no way fit to point out one certain nation, eſpecially in an author, one of whoſe moſt diſtinguiſhing characters is *particularity* in deſcription.

This half-recover'd day, ſhall *Troy* obtain?
Shall *Hector* thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern *Achilles* in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant *Grecian* wield,
Each valiant *Grecian* ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not *Hector* ſhall our preſence ſtay;
Myſelf, ye *Greeks!* myſelf will lead the way.
The troops aſſent; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range.
The Kings, tho' wounded, and oppreſs'd with pain,
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.
The ſtrong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warriour takes a lighter ſhield.

v. 442. *The weaker warriour takes a lighter ſhield.*] *Plutarch* ſeems to allude to this paſſage in the beginning of the life of *Pelopidas*. "*Homer*, ſays he, makes the braveſt and ſtout-

Thus ſheath'd in ſhining braſs, in bright array
The legions march, and *Neptune* leads the way:

" eſt of his warriours march to battle in the beſt arms. The " *Grecian* legiſlators puniſhed thoſe who caſt away their " ſhields, but not thoſe who loſt their ſpears or their ſwords; " as an intimation that the care of preſerving and defending " ourſelves is preferable to the wounding our enemy, eſpe- " cially in thoſe who are Generals of armies, or Governours " of ſtates." *Euſtathius* has obſerved, that the Poet here makes the beſt warriours take the largeſt ſhields and longeſt ſpears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms, both offenſive and defenſive, for a new kind of fight, in which they are ſoon to be engaged when the fleet is attacked. Which indeed ſeems the moſt rational account that can be given for *Neptune*'s advice in this exigence.

Mr. *Hobbes* has committed a great overſight in this place; he makes the wounded princes (who it is plain were unfit for the battle, and do not engage in the enſuing fight) put on arms as well as the others; whereas they do no more in *Homer* than ſee their orders obeyed by the reſt, as to this change of arms.

ỳ. 444. *The legions march, and* Neptune *leads the way.*] The chief advantage the *Greeks* gain by the ſleep of *Jupiter*, ſeems to be this: *Neptune* unwilling to offend *Jupiter*, has hitherto concealed himſelf in diſguiſed ſhapes; ſo that it does not appear that *Jupiter* knew of his being among the *Greeks*, ſince he takes no notice of it. This precaution hinders him from aſſiſting the *Greeks* otherwiſe than by his advice. But upon the intelligence received of what *Juno* had done, he aſſumes a form that manifeſts his divinity; inſpiring courage into the *Grecian* chiefs, appearing at the head of their army, and brandiſhing a ſword in his hand, the ſight of which ſtruck ſuch a terrour into the *Trojans*, that, as *Homer* ſays, none durſt approach it. And therefore it is not to be wondered, that the *Trojans* who are no longer ſuſtained by *Jupiter*, immediately give way to the enemy.

His brandiſh'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like light'ning flaſhing thro' the frighted ſkies.
Clad in his might, th'Earth-ſhaking pow'r appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confeſs their fears.

Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a God:
And lo! the God, and wond'rous man appear:
The ſea's ſtern ruler there, and *Hector* here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
Around the ſhips: Seas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;

ỳ. 451. *And lo! the God and wond'rous man appear.*] What magnificence and nobleneſs is there in this idea? where *Homer* oppoſes *Hector* to *Neptune*, and equalizes him in ſome degree to a God. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 453. *The roaring main*, &c.] This ſwelling and inundation of the ſea towards the *Grecian* camp, as if it had been agitated by a ſtorm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating that the waters had the ſame reſentments with their commander *Neptune*, and ſeconded him in his quarrel. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 457. *Not half ſo loud*, &c.] The Poet having ended the Epiſode of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, returns to the battle, where the

Leſs loud the winds, that from th' *Æolian* hall
Roar thro' the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;

Greeks being animated and led on by *Neptune*, renew the fight with vigour. The noiſe and outcry of this freſh onſet, he endeavours to expreſs by theſe three ſounding compariſons; as if he thought it neceſſary to awake the reader's attention, which by the preceding deſcriptions might be lulled into a forgetfulneſs of the fight. He might likewiſe deſign to ſhew how ſoundly *Jupiter* ſlept, ſince he is not awaked by ſo terrible an uproar.

This paſſage cannot be thought juſtly liable to the objections which have been made againſt heaping compariſons one upon another, whereby the principal object is loſt amidſt too great a variety of different images. In this caſe the principal image is more ſtrongly impreſſed on the mind by a multiplication of ſimilies, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to expreſs ſomething very faſt: but finding no ſingle idea ſufficient to anſwer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the compariſons to ſupply this defect: the different ſounds of waters, winds, and flames, being as it were united in one. We have ſeveral inſtances of this ſort even in ſo caſtigated and reſerved a writer as *Virgil*, who has joined together the images of this paſſage in the fourth *Georgick*, ℣. 261. and applied them, beautifully ſoftened by a kind of parody, to the buzzing of a bee-hive:

" Frigidus ut quondam ſylvis immurmurat Auſter,
" Ut mare ſollicitum ſtridet refluentibus undis,
" Æſtuat ut clauſis rapidus fornacibus ignis."

Taſſo has not only imitated this particular paſſage of *Homer*, but likewiſe added to it. *Cant.* ix. *Sta.* 22.

" Rapido ſi che torbida procella
" De cavernoſi monti eſce piu tarda:

Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour:
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driv'n,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heav'n.
The firſt bold jav'lin urg'd by *Hector*'s force,
Direct at *Ajax*' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword.)
Then back the diſappointed *Trojan* drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'ſcap'd not *Ajax*; his tempeſtuous hand
A pond'rous ſtone up-heaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps laid looſe beneath the warriour's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,

" Fiume, ch' alberi inſieme, e caſe ſvella:
" Folgore, che le torri abbatta, & arda:
" Terremoto, che 'l mondo empia d' horrore,
" Son picciole ſembianze al ſuo furore."

But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground,
As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of *Jove*,

ỳ. 480. *Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.*]

Στρόμβου δ' ὡς ἔσσυτο βαλὼν, &c.

Theſe words are tranſlated by ſeveral, as if they ſignified that *Hector* was turned round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatneſs of *Ajax*'s ſtrength. *Euſtathius* rather inclines to refer the words to the ſtone itſelf, and the violence of its motion. *Chapman*, I think, is in the right to prefer the latter, but he ſhould not have taken the interpretation to himſelf. He ſays, it is above the wit of man to give a more fiery illuſtration both of *Ajax*'s ſtrength and *Hector*'s; of *Ajax*, for giving ſuch a force to the ſtone, that it could not ſpend itſelf on *Hector*; but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence; and of *Hector*, for ſtanding the blow ſo ſolidly: for without that conſideration, the ſtone could never have recoiled ſo fiercely. This image, together with the noble ſimile following it, ſeem to have given *Spenſer* the hint of thoſe ſublime verſes:

As when almighty *Jove*, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal ſins is bent,
Hurls forth his thund'ring dart with deadly food
Enroll'd, of flames, and ſmouldring dreariment:
Thro' riven clouds, and molten firmament,
The fierce three-forked engine making way,
Both lofty tow'rs and higheſt trees hath rent,
And all that might his dreadful paſſage ſtay,
And ſhooting in the earth, caſts up a mound of clay.
His boiſt'rous club ſo buried in the ground,
He could not rear again, &c.

The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders ſtand,
And own the terrours of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great *Hector* proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
Greece ſees, in hope, *Troy*'s great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly;
And thicker jav'lins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, *Agenor* the divine,
The pious warriour of *Anchiſes*' line,
And each bold leader of the *Lycian* band;
With cov'ring ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;

His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd ſide,
Where gentle *Xanthus* rolls his eaſy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints a-new, low-ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.
Soon as the *Greeks* the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax firſt his jav'lin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point the ſon of *Enops* bled;
(*Satnius* the brave, whom beauteous *Neïs* bore
Amidſt her flocks on *Satnio*'s ſilver ſhore)
Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warriour lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle roſe around the dead;
By turns the *Greeks*, by turns the *Trojans* bled.

Fir'd with revenge, *Polydamas* drew near,
And at *Prothænor* ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving jav'lin thro' his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of *Panthus* wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a *Grecian* heart.
Propt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall,
Go, guide thy darkſome ſteps to *Pluto*'s dreary hall!
He ſaid, and ſorrow touch'd each *Argive* breaſt:
The ſoul of *Ajax* burn'd above the reſt.
As by his ſide the groaning warriour fell,
At the fierce foe he lanch'd his piercing ſteel;

ỳ. 533. *Propt on that ſpear*, &c.] The occaſion of this ſarcaſm of *Polydamas* ſeems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy, who is transfixed with a ſpear through his right ſhoulder. This poſture bearing ſome reſemblance to that of a man leaning on a ſtaff, might probably ſuggeſt the conceit.

The ſpeech of *Polydamas* begins a long ſtring of ſarcaſtick raillery, in which *Euſtathius* pretends to obſerve very different characters. This of *Polydamas*, he ſays, is *pleaſant*; that of *Ajax*, *heroick*; that of *Acamas*, *plain*; and that of *Peneleus*, *pathetick*.

The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death;
But fate, *Archelochus*, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,
Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head firſt tumbled to the plain.
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.
Here, proud *Polydamas*, here turn thy eyes!
(The tow'ring *Ajax* loud inſulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for *Prothœnor* ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.
He ſpake, and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: *Troy* ſadden'd at the view.

But furious *Acamas* aveng'd his cauſe;
As *Promachus* his ſlaughter'd brother draws,
He pierced his heart —— Such fate attends you all,
Proud *Argives!* deſtin'd by our arms to fall.
Not *Troy* alone, but haughty *Greece* ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your *Promachus* depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters *Pluto*'s gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguiſh ſtruck the *Grecian* hoſt,
But touch'd the breaſt of bold *Peneleus* moſt;
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe;
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperiour force.
But young *Ilioneus* receiv'd the ſpear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care:
(*Phorbas* the rich, of all the *Trojan* train
Whom *Hermes* lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!

Swift his broad falchion fierce *Peneleus* ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet ſtriking thro' the bleeding eye,
The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The gory viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke.

Trojans! your great *Ilioneus* behold!
Haſte, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantick woe,
Such, as the houſe of *Promachus* muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to *Promachus'* ſad ſpouſe we bear;
When we, victorious ſhall to *Greece* return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the head on high;
The *Trojans* hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghaſt they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of *Jove!* that on *Olympus* ſhine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine!

℣. 599. *Daughters of* Jove! *&c.*] Whenever we meet with theſe freſh invocations in the midſt of action, the Poets would ſeem to give their readers to underſtand, that they are

O ſay, when *Neptune* made proud *Ilion* yield,
What chief, what hero firſt embru'd the field?
Of all the *Grecians* what immortal name,
And whoſe bleſt trophies will ye raiſe to fame?
Thou firſt, great *Ajax!* on th' enſanguin'd plain
Laid *Hyrtius*, leader of the *Myſian* train.
Phalces and *Mermer*, *Neſtor*'s ſon o'erthrew,
Bold *Merion*, *Morys*, and *Hippotion* ſlew.

come to a point where the deſcription being above their own ſtrength, they have occaſion for ſupernatural aſſiſtance; by this artifice at once exciting the reader's attention, and gracefully varying the narration. In the preſent caſe, *Homer* ſeems to triumph in the advantage the *Greeks* had gained in the flight of the *Trojans*, by invoking the *Muſes* to ſnatch the brave actions of his heroes from oblivion, and ſet them in the light of eternity. This power is vindicated to them by the poets on every occaſion, and it is to this taſk they are ſo ſolemnly and frequently ſummoned by our Author. *Taſſo*, has, I think, introduced one of theſe invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner; where, on occaſion of a battle by night, he calls upon the *Night* to allow him to draw forth thoſe mighty deeds, which were performed under the concealment of her ſhades, and to diſplay their glories, notwithſtanding their diſadvantage, to all poſterity:

" Notte, che nel profondo oſcuro ſeno
" Chiudeſti, e ne l' oblio fatto ſi grande;
" Piacciati, ch' io nel tragga, e'n bel ſereno
" A la future età lo ſpieghi, e mande.
" Viva la fame loro, e trà lor gloria
" Splenda del foſco tuo l' alta memoria."

Strong *Periphætes* and *Prothoön* bled,
By *Teucer*'s arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by *Menelaüs*' ſteel,
His people's paſtor, *Hyperenor* fell;
Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warriour round,
And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing thro' the wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before *Oïleus*' ſon,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the *Grecian* race
Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chace.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The fifth battle, at the ships; and the acts of *Ajax*.

JUPITER *awaking, ſees the* Trojans *repulſed from the trenches,* Hector *in a ſwoon, and* Neptune *at the head of the* Greeks: *he is highly incenſed at the artifice of* Juno, *who appeaſes him by her ſubmiſſions; ſhe is then ſent to* Iris *and* Apollo. Juno *repairing to the aſſembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary addreſs to incenſe them againſt* Jupiter; *in particular ſhe touches* Mars *with a violent reſentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by* Minerva. Iris *and* Apollo *obey the orders of* Jupiter; Iris *commands* Neptune *to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and paſſion, he conſents.* Apollo *re-inſpires* Hector *with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his* Ægis, *and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the* Grecian *wall: the* Trojans *ruſh in, and attempt to fire the firſt line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater* Ajax *with a prodigious ſlaughter.*

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

Now in ſwift flight they paſs the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground:
Then ſtopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horrour in their eye.
Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love,
On *Ida*'s ſummit ſat imperial *Jove:*
Round the wide fields he caſt a careful view,
There ſaw the *Trojans* fly, the *Greeks* purſue;

Theſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
And, 'midſt the war, the Monarch of the main.
Not far, great *Hector* on the duſt he ſpies,
(His ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His ſenſes wand'ring to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful *Juno* ſpoke.

O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' eternal will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the god-like *Hector* yield,
And driv'n his conqu'ring ſquadrons from the field.
Can'ſt thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withſtand
Our pow'r immenſe, and brave th' almighty hand?
Haſt thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt concave of the ſpangled ſky,

ỳ. 17.] *Adam*, in *Paradiſe Loſt*, awakes from the embrace of *Eve*, in much the ſame humour with *Jupiter* in this place. Their circumſtance is very parallel; and each of them, as ſoon as his paſſion is over, appears full of that reſentment natural to a Superiour, who is impoſed upon by one of leſs worth and ſenſe than himſelf; and impoſed upon in the worſt manner, by ſhews of tenderneſs and love.

ỳ. 23. *Haſt thou forgot*, &c.] It is in the original to this effect. *Have you forgot how you ſwung in the air, when I hung*

I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?

a load of two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hands? "Though it is not my deſign, ſays M. *Dacier*, to "give a reaſon for every ſtory in the pagan theology, yet I "cannot prevail upon myſelf to paſs over this in ſilence. "The phyſical allegory ſeems very apparent to me: *Homer* "myſteriouſly in this place explains the nature of the *Air*, "which is *Juno*; the two anvils which ſhe had at her feet "are the two elements, earth and water: and the chains of "gold about her hands are the *æther*, or fire which fills the "ſuperiour region: the two groſſer elements are called an-"vils, to ſhew us, that in theſe two elements only, arts are "exerciſed. I do not know but that a moral allegory may "here be found, as well as a phyſical one; the Poet by theſe "maſſes tied to the feet of *Juno*, and by the chain of gold "with which her hands were bound, might ſignify, not only "that domeſtick affairs ſhould like fetters detain the wife at "home; but that proper and beautiful works like chains of "gold ought to employ her hands."

The phyſical part of this note belongs to *Heraclides Ponticus*, *Euſtathius*, and the Scholiaſt: M. *Dacier* might have been contented with the credit of the moral one, as it ſeems an obſervation no leſs ſingular in a Lady.

ỳ. 23.] *Euſtathius* tells us, that there were in ſome manuſcripts of *Homer* two verſes, which are not to be found in any of the printed editions, (which *Hen. Stephens* places here.)

Πρὶν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἀπέλυσα ποδῶν, μύδρους δ' ἐνὶ Τροίῃ
Κάββαλον ὄφρα πέλοιτο καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.

By theſe two verſes *Homer* ſhews us, that what he ſays of the puniſhment of *Juno* was not an invention of his own, but founded upon an ancient tradition. There had probably been ſome ſtatue of *Juno* with anvils at her feet, and chains on her hands; and nothing but chains and anvils being left

Headlong I hurl'd them from th' *Olympian* hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.
For god-like *Hercules* theſe deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon;
When by thy wiles induc'd, fierce *Boreas* toſt
The ſhipwreck'd hero on the *Coan* coaſt:
Him thro' a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to *Argos*, and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well-diſſembled love.

The Thund'rer ſpoke: Imperial *Juno* mourn'd,
And trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd.

By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies,
By thy black waves, tremendous *Styx!* that flow
Thro' the drear realms of gliding ghoſts below:

by time, ſuperſtitious people raiſed this ſtory; ſo that *Homer* only followed common report. What farther confirms it, is what *Euſtathius* adds, That there were ſhewn near *Troy* certain ruins, which were ſaid to be the remains of theſe maſſes. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 43. *By thy black waves, tremendous* Styx.] The Epithet *Homer* here gives to *Styx* is καλυβόμενον, *ſubterlabens*, which I

By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps *Troy* in blood, and ranges round the plain:

take to refer to its paſſage through the infernal regions. But there is a refinement upon it, as if it ſignified *ex alto ſtillans*, falling drop by drop from on high. *Herodotus*, in his ſixth book writes thus. "The *Arcadians* ſay, that near the city "*Nonacris* flows the water of *Styx*, and that it is a ſmall "rill, which diſtilling from an exceeding high rock, falls in- "to a little cavity or baſon, environed with a hedge." *Pauſanias*, who had ſeen the place, gives light to this paſſage of *Herodotus*. "Going from *Pheneus*, ſays he, in the country "of the *Arcadians*, and drawing towards the Weſt, we find "on the left the city of *Clitorus*, and on the right that of "*Nonacris*, and the fountain of *Styx*, which from the height "of a craggy precipice falls drop by drop upon an exceeding "high rock, and before it has traverſed this rock, flows into "the river *Crathis*: this water is mortal both to man and "beaſt, and therefore it is ſaid to be an infernal fountain. "*Homer* gives it a place in his Poems, and by the deſcription "which he delivers, one would think he had ſeen it." This ſhews the wonderful exactneſs of *Homer*, in the deſcription of places which he mentions. The Gods ſwore by *Styx*, and this was the ſtrongeſt oath they could take; but we likewiſe find that men too ſwore by this fatal water: for *Herodotus* tells us, *Cleomenes* going to *Arcadia* to engage the *Arcadians* to follow him in a war againſt *Sparta*, had a deſign to aſſemble at the city of *Nonacris*, and make them ſwear by the water of this fountain. *Dacier. Euſtath.* in *Odyſſ.*

ỳ. 47. *Not by my arts*, &c.] This apology is well contrived; *Juno* could not ſwear that ſhe had not deceived *Jupiter*, for this had been entirely falſe, and *Homer* would be far from authorizing perjury by ſo great an example. *Juno*,

By his own ardour, his own pity ſway'd
To help his *Greeks*; he fought, and diſo-
bey'd:
Elſe had thy *Juno* better counſels giv'n,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the Sire of heav'n.
Think'ſt thou with me? fair Empreſs of the
ſkies!
(Th' immortal Father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty Sea-god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon' bright ſynod on th' *Olympian* hill;
Our high decree let various *Iris* know,
And call the God that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattl'd plain
Command the Sea-god to his wat'ry reign:
While *Phœbus* haſtes, great *Hector* to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war,
His lab'ring boſom re-inſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.

we ſee, throws part of the fault on *Neptune*, by ſhewing ſhe had not acted in concert with him. *Euſtathius.*

Greece chas'd by *Troy* ev'n to *Achilles'* fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.

℣. 67. Greece *chas'd by* Troy, *&c.*] In this diſcourſe of *Jupiter*, the Poet opens his deſign, by giving his reader a ſketch of the principal events he is to expect. As this conduct of *Homer* may to many appear no way artful, and ſince it is a principle article of the charge brought againſt him by ſome late *French* criticks, it will not be improper here to look a little into this diſpute. The caſe will be beſt ſtated by tranſlating the following paſſage from Mr. *de la Motte's Reflections ſur la Critique.*

" I could not forbear wiſhing that *Homer* had an art, which " he ſeems to have neglected, that of preparing events with- " out making them known beforehand; ſo that when they " happen, one might be ſurpriſed agreeably. I could not be " quite ſatisfied to hear *Jupiter*, in the middle of the *Iliad*, " give an exact abridgment of the remainder of the action. " Madam *Dacier* alledges as an excuſe, that this paſt only " between *Jupiter* and *Juno*; as if the reader was not let " into the ſecret, and had not as much ſhare in the confi- " dence."

She adds, " that as we are capable of a great deal of " pleaſure at the repreſentation of a tragedy which we have " ſeen before, ſo the ſurpriſes which I require are no way " neceſſary to our entertainment. This I think a pure piece " of ſophiſtry: one may have two ſorts of pleaſure at the " repreſentation of a tragedy; in the firſt place, that of tak- " ing part in an action of importance the firſt time it paſſes " before our eyes, of being agitated by fear and hope for the " perſons one is moſt concerned about, and in fine, of par- " taking their felicity or misfortune, as they happen to ſuc- " ceed, or be diſappointed.

" This therefore is the firſt pleaſure which the poet ſhould " deſign to give his auditors, to tranſport them by pathetick " ſurpriſes which excite terrour or pity. The ſecond plea-

He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend *Patroclus*, but ſhall ſend in vain.

" ſure muſt proceed from a view of that art which the au-
" thor has ſhewn in raiſing the former.

" 'Tis true, when we have ſeen a piece already, we have
" no longer that firſt pleaſure of the ſurpriſes, at leaſt not in
" all its vivacity; but there ſtill remains the ſecond, which
" could never have its turn, had not the poet laboured ſuc-
" ceſsfully to excite the firſt, it being upon that indiſpenſable
" obligation that we judge of his art.

" The art therefore conſiſts in telling the hearer only what
" is neceſſary to be told him, and in telling him only as
" much as is requiſite to the deſign of pleaſing him. And
" although we know this already when we read it a ſecond
" time, we yet taſte the pleaſure of that order and conduct
" which the art required.

" From hence it follows, that every poem ought to be
" contrived for the firſt impreſſion it is to make. If it be
" otherwiſe, it gives us (inſtead of two pleaſures which we
" expected) two ſorts of diſguſts: the one, that of being
" cool and untouched when we ſhould be moved and tran-
" ſported; the other, that of perceiving the defect which
" cauſed that diſguſt.

" This, in one word, is what I have found in the *Iliad*.
" I was not intereſted or touched by the adventures, and I
" ſaw it was this cooling preparation that prevented my be-
" ing ſo."

It appears clearly that M. *Dacier*'s defence no way excuſes the Poet's conduct; wherefore I ſhall add two or three conſiderations which may chance to ſet it in a better light. It muſt be owned that a ſurpriſe artfully managed, which ariſes from unexpected revolutions of great actions, is extremely pleaſing. In this conſiſts the principal pleaſure of a Romance, or well-writ Tragedy. But beſides this, there is in the relation of great events a different kind of pleaſure, which ariſes

What youth he ſlaughters under *Ilion*'s walls?
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine *Sarpedon* falls!

from the artful unravelling a knot of actions, which we knew before in the groſs. This is a delight peculiar to hiſtory and Epick poetry, which is founded on Hiſtory. In theſe kinds of writing, a preceding ſummary knowledge, of the events deſcribed, does no way damp our curioſity, but rather makes it more eager for the detail. This is evident in a good hiſtory, where generally the reader is affected with a greater delight in proportion to his preceding knowledge of the facts deſcribed: the pleaſure in this caſe is like that of an Architect's firſt view of ſome magnificent building, who was before well acquainted with the proportions of it. In an Epick Poem the caſe is of a like nature; where, as if the hiſtorical fore-knowledge were not ſufficient, the moſt judicious poets never fail to excite their reader's curioſity by ſome ſmall ſketches of their deſign; which, like the outlines of a fine picture, will neceſſarily raiſe in us a greater deſire to ſee it in its finiſhed colouring.

Had our author been inclined to follow the method of managing our paſſions by ſurpriſes, he could not well have ſucceeded by this manner in the ſubject he choſe to write upon, which being a ſtory of great importance, the principal events of which were well known to the *Greeks*, it was not poſſible for him to alter the ground-work of his piece; and probably he was willing to mark ſometimes by anticipation, ſometimes by recapitulations, how much of his ſtory was founded on hiſtorical truths, and that what is ſuperadded were the poetical ornaments.

There is another conſideration worth remembering on this head, to juſtify our author's conduct. It ſeems to have been an opinion in thoſe early times, deeply rooted in moſt countries and religions, that the actions of men were not only foreknown, but predeſtinated by a ſuperiour being. This ſentiment is very frequent in the moſt ancient writers both ſacred and profane, and ſeems a diſtinguiſhing character of

Vanquiſh'd at laſt by *Hector*'s lance he lies.
Then, nor 'till then, ſhall great *Achilles* riſe:
And lo! that inſtant, god-like *Hector* dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty *Ilion* burns.
Not 'till that day ſhall *Jove* relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heav'nly hoſt engage
In aid of *Greece*. The promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.
The trembling Queen (th' almighty order giv'n)
Swift from th' *Idæan* ſummit ſhot to heav'n.
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought, a length of lands he trod before,

the writings of the greateſt antiquity. *The word of the Lord was fulfilled*, is the principal obſervation in the hiſtory of the Old Teſtament; and Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή is the declared and moſt obvious moral of the *Iliad*. If this great moral be fit to be repreſented in poetry, what means ſo proper to make it evident, as this introducing *Jupiter* foretelling the events which he had decreed?

℣. 86. *As ſome way-faring man*, &c.] The diſcourſe of *Jupiter* to *Juno* being ended, ſhe aſcends to heaven with won-

Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace:
So ſwift flew *Juno* to the bleſt abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of Gods.

derful celerity, which the Poet explains by this compariſon. On other occaſions he has illuſtrated the action of the mind by ſenſible images from the motion of bodies; here he inverts the caſe, and ſhews the great velocity of *Juno*'s flight by comparing it to the quickneſs of thought. No other compariſon could have equalled the ſpeed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the Poet deſcribes a traveller who revolves in his mind the ſeveral places which he has ſeen, and in an inſtant paſſes in imagination from one diſtant part of the earth to another. *Milton* ſeems to have had it in his eye in that elevated paſſage:

—— The ſpeed of Gods
Time counts not, tho' with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.

As the ſenſe in which we have explained this paſſage is exactly literal, as well as truly ſublime, one cannot but wonder what ſhould induce both *Hobbes* and *Chapman* to ramble ſo wide from it in their tranſlations.

This ſaid, went *Juno* to *Olympus* high,
As when a man looks o'er an ample plain,
To any diſtance quickly goes his eye:
So ſwiftly *Juno* went with little pain.

Chapman's is yet more foreign to the ſubject:

But as the mind of ſuch a man, that hath a great way gone,
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone
His purpos'd journey; is diſtract, and in his vexed mind
Reſolves now not to go, now goes, ſtill many ways inclin'd—

There ſat the pow'rs in awful ſynod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeiſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Thro' all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her Queen; the *Nectar* ſtreams around.
Fair *Themis* firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious aſks what cares diſturbs her ſoul?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddeſs thus replies.
Enough thou know'ſt the tyrant of the ſkies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd Nectar circle round the hall;
But *Jove* ſhall thunder thro' the ethereal dome,
Sueh ſtern decrees, ſuch threatned woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurpriſe,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.

℣. 102. *Go thou, the feaſts of heav'n attend thy call.*] This is a paſſage worthy our obſervation. *Homer* feigns, that *Themis*, that is Juſtice, preſides over the feaſts of the Gods; to let us know, that ſhe ought much more to preſide over the feaſts of men. *Euſtathius.*

The Goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place;
Blank horrour ſadden'd each celeſtial face.
To ſee the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat ſteadfaſt care, and low'ring diſcontent.
Thus ſhe proceeds — Attend ye pow'rs above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with *Jove*:
Supreme he ſits; and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal Godheads grudgingly obey:

ỳ. 114. Juno's *ſpeech to the Gods.*] It was no ſort of exaggeration what the ancients have affirmed of *Homer*, that the examples of all kinds of oratory are to be found in his works. The preſent ſpeech of *Juno* is a maſter-piece in that ſort, which ſeems to ſay one thing, and perſuades another: for while ſhe is only declaring to the Gods the orders of *Jupiter*, at the time that ſhe tells them they muſt obey, ſhe fills them with a reluctance to do it. By repreſenting ſo ſtrongly the ſuperiority of his power, ſhe makes them uneaſy at it; and by particularly adviſing that God to ſubmit, whoſe temper could leaſt brook it, ſhe incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more ſly and artfully provoking, than that ſtroke on the death of his darling ſon. *Do thou, O* Mars, *teach obedience to us all, for it is upon thee that* Jupiter *has put the ſevereſt trial:* Aſcalaphus *thy ſon lies ſlain by his means: bear it with ſo much temper and moderation, that the world may not think he was thy ſon.*

Fierce in the majeſty of pow'r, controuls;
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
Submiſs, immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great *Mars*, begin and ſhew the way.
Behold *Aſcalaphus!* behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted offſpring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offſpring be thy own.
Stern *Mars*, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun.
Thus then, Immortals! thus ſhall *Mars* obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon' forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the ſlain;
Dares, tho' the thunder burſting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.
With that, he gives command to *Fear* and *Flight*
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:

ỳ. 134. *To* Fear *and* Flight —] *Homer* does not ſay, that *Mars* commanded they ſhould join his horſes to his chariot, which horſes were called *Fear* and *Flight*. *Fear* and *Flight*

Then grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance thro' the ſkies.
And now had *Jove*, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heav'n;
But *Pallas* ſpringing thro' the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantick *Mars* ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus, to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid.
By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with *Jove?* thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial *Juno* heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heav'n?

are not the names of the horſes of *Mars*, but the names of two furies in the ſervice of this God: it appears likewiſe by other paſſages, that they were his children, book xiii. ℣. 299. of the original. This is a very ancient miſtake; *Euſtathius* mentions it as an error of *Antimachus*, yet *Hobbes* and moſt others have fallen into it.

Ilion and *Greece* no more ſhould *Jove* engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' *Olympian* ſtate.
Ceaſe then thy offspring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall.
Why ſhould heav'n's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warriour to his throne;
Sullen he ſat, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then *Juno* call'd (*Jove*'s orders to obey)
The winged *Iris*, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thund'rer's will (*Saturnia* cry'd)
On yon' tall ſummit of the fount-full *Ide*:

℣. 164. *Go wait the Thund'rer's will.*] It is remarkable, that whereas it is familiar with the Poet to repeat his errands and meſſages, here he introduces *Juno* with very few words, where ſhe carries a diſpatch from *Jupiter* to *Iris* and *Apollo*. She only ſays, "*Jove* commands you to attend him on mount "*Ida*," and adds nothing of what had paſſed between herſelf and her conſort before. The reaſon of this brevity is not only that ſhe is highly diſguſted with *Jupiter*, and ſo unwilling to tell her tale from the anguiſh of her heart; but alſo be-

There in the father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: the God that gilds the day,
And various *Iris*, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to *Ida*'s hills they came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
There ſat th' Eternal; he, whoſe nod controlls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady Poles.
Veil'd in a miſt of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circle round.
Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer ſaw their earneſt care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a ſmile ſerenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow.

cauſe *Jupiter* had given her no commiſſion to relate fully the ſubject of their diſcourſe: wherefore ſhe is cautious of declaring what poſſibly he would have concealed. Neither does *Jupiter* himſelf in what follows reveal his decrees: for he lets *Apollo* only ſo far into his will, that he would have him diſorder and rout the *Greeks*: their good fortune, and the ſucceſs which was to enſue, he hides from him, as one who favoured the cauſe of *Troy*. One may remark in this paſſage *Homer*'s various conduct and diſcretion concerning what ought to be put in practice, or left undone: whereby his reader may be informed how to regulate his own affairs. *Euſtathius.*

Iris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon' mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from ſlaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuſe, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and ſuperiour ſway.
How ſhall his raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there Equal to the Lord of Heav'n?
Th' Almighty ſpoke; the Goddeſs wing'd her flight
To ſacred *Ilion* from th' *Idæan* height.
Swift as the rat'ling hail, or fleecy ſnows
Drive thro' the ſkies, when *Boreas* fiercely blows;
So from the clouds deſcending *Iris* falls;
And to blue *Neptune* thus the Goddeſs calls.
Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the meſſenger of *Jove*:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.

This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birth-right, and ſuperiour ſway.
How ſhall thy raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heav'n?
What means the haughty Sov'reign of the ſkies,
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vaſſal God, nor of his train am I.
Three brother Deities from *Saturn* came,
And ancient *Rhea*, earth's immortal dame:

℣. 210. *Three brother Deities from* Saturn *came,*
And ancient Rhea, *earth's immortal dame;*
Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know, &c.]

Some have thought the *Platonick* Philoſophers drew from hence the notion of their *Triad* (which the Chriſtian *Platoniſts* ſince imagined to be an obſcure hint of the *Sacred Trinity.*) The *Trias* of *Plato* is well known, τὸ αὐτὸ ὄν, ὁ νοῦς ὁ δημιουργὸς, ἡ τοῦ κόσμου ψυχή. In his *Gorgias* he tells us, τὸν Ὅμηρον (*autorem ſc. fuiſſe*) τῆς τῶν δημιουργικῶν Τριαδικῆς ὑποστάσεως. See *Proclus in Plat. Theol. lib.* i. *cap.* 5. *Lucian Philopatr. Ariſtotle de Cælo, lib.* i. *cap.* 1. ſpeaking of the *Ternarian* number from *Pythagoras*, has theſe words; Τὰ τρία πάντα, καὶ τὸ τρὶς πᾶν. Καὶ πρὸς τὰς ἀριστείας τῶν θεῶν χρώμεθα τῷ ἀριθμῷ τούτῳ. Καθάπερ γὰρ φασὶν καὶ οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι, τὸ πᾶν καὶ τὰ πάντα τοῖς τρισὶν ὥρισται. Τελευτὴ γὰρ καὶ μέσον καὶ ἀρχὴ τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἔχει τὸν τοῦ παντός· ταῦτα δὲ τὸν τῆς τριάδος. From which paſſage *Trapezuntius* endeavoured very ſeriouſly to prove, that *Ariſtotle* had

Aſſign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal *Pluto* ſways the ſhades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the ſtarry plain,
Ethereal *Jove* extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And huſh the roarings of the ſacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the ſky?
Far in the diſtant clouds let him controll,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond race of heav'n.
And muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce anſwer to the King of Gods?

a perfect knowledge of the *Trinity*. *Dupont* (who furniſhed me with this note, and who ſeems to be ſenſible of the folly of *Trapezuntius*) nevertheleſs in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, or compariſon of our author's ſentences with thoſe of the Scripture, has placed, oppoſite to this verſe, that of St. *John*: *There are three who give teſtimony in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt*. I think this the ſtrongeſt inſtance I ever met with of the manner of thinking of ſuch men, whoſe too much learning has made them mad.

Lactantius, *de Falſ. Relig. lib.* i. *cap.* 11. takes this fable to be a remain of ancient hiſtory, importing, that the empire of the then known world was divided among the three brothers; to *Jupiter* the oriental part which was called Heaven,

Correct it yet, and change thy raſh intent;
A noble mind diſdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To ſcourge the wretch inſulting them and heav'n.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When Miniſters are bleſt with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful *Jove* I yield,
And quit, tho' angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with juſtice I diſclaim,
The ſame our honours, and our birth the ſame.
If yet, forgetful of his promiſe giv'n
To *Hermes*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of heav'n;
To favour *Ilion*, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race:

as the region of light, or the ſun; to *Pluto* the occidental, or darker regions: and to *Neptune* the ſovereignty of the ſeas.

ỳ. 228. *To elder brothers.*] *Iris*, that ſhe may not ſeem to upbraid *Neptune* with weakneſs of judgment, out of regard to the greatneſs and dignity of his perſon, does not ſay that *Jupiter* is ſtronger or braver; but attacking him from a motive not in the leaſt invidious, ſuperiority of age, ſhe ſays ſententiouſly, that the *Furies* wait upon our elders. The *Furies* are ſaid to wait upon men in a double ſenſe: either for evil, as they did upon *Oreſtes* after he had ſlain his mother; or elſe for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to protect them and avenge their wrongs. This is an inſtance that the Pagans looked upon birth-right as a right divine. *Euſtathius.*

Give him to know, unleſs the *Grecian* train
Lay yon' proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be paſt,
The wrath of *Neptune* ſhall for ever laſt.
Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the Source of light.
Behold! the God whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe, whoſe earthquakes rock the world;
Deſiſts at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;
Elſe had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;

℣. 252. *Elſe had my wrath*, &c.] This repreſentation of the terrours which muſt have attended the conflict of two ſuch mighty powers as *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, whereby the elements had been mixed in confuſion, and the whole frame of nature endangered, is imaged in theſe few lines with a nobleneſs ſuitable to the occaſion. *Milton* has a thought very like it in his fourth book, where he repreſents what muſt have happened if *Satan* and *Gabriel* had encountered:

And all the gods that round old *Saturn* dwell,
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n pow'r immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling *Greeks* alarm,
Shake my broad *Ægis* on thy active arm,
Be god-like *Hector* thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let *Ilion* conquer, 'till th' *Achaian* train
Fly to their ſhips and *Helleſpont* again:
Then *Greece* ſhall breathe from toils—the God-head ſaid;
His will divine the ſon of *Jove* obey'd.
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle thro' the liquid ſkies;
As *Phœbus* ſhooting from th' *Idæan* brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.

— — — — Not only *Paradiſe*
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of heav'n, perhaps, and all the elements
At laſt had gone to wreck, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict; had not ſoon
Th' Almighty, to prevent ſuch horrid fray, &c.

There *Hector* ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day.
Why ſits great *Hector* from the field ſo far?
What grief, what wound, with-holds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight:
What bleſt immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens *Hector* from the ſleep of death? 281
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd *Greece* in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty *Ajax* with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below? 285

℣. 274. Jove *thinking of his pains, they paſt away.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that this is a very ſublime repreſentation of the power of *Jupiter*, to make *Hector*'s pains ceaſe from the moment wherein *Jupiter* firſt turned his thoughts towards him. *Apollo* finds him ſo far recovered, as to be able to ſit up, and know his friends. Thus much was the work of *Jupiter*; the God of health perfects the cure.

Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrours ſwim before my eye.
To him *Apollo*. Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thund'rer ſends thee aid.
Behold! thy *Phœbus* ſhall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious ſtill to thee, and *Troy*.
Inſpire thy warriours then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the *Grecians* headlong to the ſea.
Thus to bold *Hector* ſpoke the ſon of *Jove*,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;

ỳ. 298. *As when the pamper'd ſteed.*] This compariſon is repeated from the ſixth book, and we are told that the ancient criticks retained no more than the two firſt verſes and the four laſt in this place, and that they gave the verſes two marks; by the one (which was the aſteriſm) they intimated, that the four lines were very beautiful; but by the other (which was the *obelus*) that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial reader who conſiders the two places will be of the ſame opinion.

Taſſo has improved the juſtneſs of this ſimile in his ſixteenth book, where *Rinaldo* returning from the arms of *Armida* to battle, is compared to the ſteed that is taken from his paſtures and mares to the ſervice of the war: the reverſe of the circumſtance better agreeing with the occaſion.

With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus *Hector* flew,
Full of the God; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock, (not fated yet to die)

" Qual feroce deſtrier, ch' al faticoſo
" Honor de l'arme vincitor ſia tolto,
" E laſcivo marito in vil ripoſo
" Fra gli armenti, e ne' paſchi erri diſciolto;
" Se'l deſta o ſuon di tromba, o luminoſo
" Acciar, colà toſto annitendo è volto;
" Già già brama l'arringo, è l'huom sùl dorſo
" Portando, urtato riurtar nel corſo."

ỳ. 311. *Not fated yet to die.*] *Dacier* has a pretty remark on this paſſage, that *Homer* extended deſtiny (that is, the care of providence) even over the beaſts of the field; an opinion that agrees perfectly with true theology. In the book of *Jonas*, the regard of the Creator extending to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is ſtrongly expreſſed in thoſe words of the Almighty, where he makes his compaſſion to the brute beaſts

When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chaſers and the prey.
So *Greece*, that late in conqu'ring troops purſu'd,
And mark'd their progreſs thro' the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.

Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' *Ætolian* force:
Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) theſe eyes invades?
Lo! *Hector* riſes from the *Stygian* ſhades!
We ſaw him, late, by thund'ring *Ajax* kill'd:
What God reſtores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of *Greece* lie ſlain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?

one of the reaſons againſt deſtroying *Nineveh*. *Shall I not ſpare the great city, in which there are more than ſix ſcore thouſand perſons, and alſo much cattle?* And what is ſtill more parallel to this paſſage, in St. *Matthew*, ch. x. *Are not two ſparrows ſold for a farthing? And yet one of them ſhall not fall to the ground, without your father.*

He comes not, *Jove!* without thy pow'rful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues, and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand.
The *Greeks* main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm.
Thus point your arms; and when ſuch foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let *Hector* learn to fear.

The warriour ſpoke, the liſt'ning *Greeks* obey,
Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each *Ajax*, *Teucer*, *Merion* gave command,
The valiant leader of the *Cretan* band.
And *Mars*-like *Meges*: theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing *Trojans* bear,
And *Hector* firſt came tow'ring to the war.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, *Jove*'s enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field;

Vulcan to *Jove* th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.
The *Greeks* expect the ſhock, the clamours riſe
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the life of gen'rous warriours ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as *Phœbus* bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sat doubtful Conqueſt hov'ring o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horrour ſeizes ev'ry *Grecian* breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.

℣. 362. *But when aloft he ſhakes.*] *Apollo* in this paſſage, by this mere ſhaking his *Ægis*, without acting offenſively, annoys and puts the *Greeks* into diſorder. *Euſtathius* thinks that ſuch a motion might poſſibly create the ſame confuſion, as hath been reported by hiſtorians to proceed from *panick fears*: or that it might intimate ſome dreadful confuſion in the air, and a noiſe iſſuing from thence; a notion which ſeems to be warranted by *Apollo*'s out-cry; which preſently follows in the ſame verſe. But perhaps we need not go ſo far to account for this fiction of *Homer*: the ſight of a hero's armour often has the like effect in an Epick Poem: the ſhield of Prince *Arthur* in *Spenſer* works the ſame wonders with this *Ægis* of *Apollo*.

So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard 'em, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage thro' the ſhady gloom.
Impending *Phœbus* pours around 'em fear,
And *Troy* and *Hector* thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter *Hector* leads;
Firſt great *Araeſilas*, then *Stichius* bleeds;
One to the bold *Bœotians* ever dear,
And one *Meneſtheus'* friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and *Iäſus*, *Æneas* ſped;
This ſprung from *Phelus*, and th' *Athenians* led;
But hapleſs *Medon* from *Oïleus* came;
Him *Ajax* honour'd with a brother's name,
Tho' born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in *Phylacè* he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.
Mecyſtes next, *Polydamas* o'erthrew;
And thee, brave *Clonius*, great *Agenor* ſlew.

By *Paris*, *Deiochus* inglorious dies,
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid *Echius* on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The *Greeks* diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall,
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantick Death.
On ruſh'd bold *Hector*, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: for by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;

ỳ. 386. *By* Paris, Deiochus *inglorious dies,*
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.]

Here is one that falls under the ſpear of *Paris*, ſmitten in the extremity of his ſhoulder as he was flying. This gives occaſion to a pretty obſervation in *Euſtathius*, that this is the only *Greek* who falls by a wound in the back; ſo careful is *Homer* of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the death of *Eioneus* in the beginning of *lib.* vi.

ỳ. 396. *For by the Gods, who flies,* &c.] It ſometimes happens (ſays *Longinus*) that a writer in ſpeaking of ſome perſon, all on a ſudden puts himſelf in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuoſity and hurry of paſſion. It is this which *Homer* practiſes in theſe verſes; the Poet ſtops his narration, forgets his own perſon, and inſtantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the

No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder at this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank: down ſunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.

mouth of his furious and tranſported hero. How muſt his diſcourſe have languiſhed, had he ſtaid to tell us, *Hector then ſaid theſe, or the like words?* Inſtead of which, by this unexpected tranſition he prevents the reader, and the tranſition is made before the Poet himſelf ſeems ſenſible he had made it. The true and proper place for this figure is when the time preſſes, and when the occaſion will not allow of any delay: it is elegant then to paſs from one perſon to another, as in that of *Hecataeus*. *The herald, extremely diſcontented at the orders he had received, gave command to the* Heraclidæ *to withdraw. — It is no way in my power to help you; if therefore you would not periſh entirely, and if you would not involve me in your ruin, depart, and ſeek a retreat among ſome other people.* Longinus, chap. xxiii.

O'er the dread foſſe (a late-impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wond'ring crouds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the God.
Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore an infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.

The *Grecians* gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;
Exhort their men, with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.

℣. 416. *As when aſhore an infant ſtands.*] This ſimile of the ſand is inimitable; it is not eaſy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to deſcribe the tumbling and confuſed heap of a wall, in a moment. Moreover the compariſon here, taken from ſand, is the juſter, as it riſes from the very place and ſcene before us. For the wall here demoliſhed, as it was founded on the coaſt, muſt needs border on the ſand; wherefore the ſimilitude is borrowed immediately from the ſubject-matter under view. *Euſtathius.*

Experienc'd *Neſtor* chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.
O *Jove!* if ever, on his native ſhore,
One *Greek* enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod;
Perform the promiſe of a gracious God!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the *Grecian* name.
Thus pray'd the ſage: th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Preſumptuous *Troy* miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.

℣. 428. *O* Jove! *if ever*, &c.] The form of *Neſtor*'s prayer in this place reſembles that of *Chryſes* in the firſt book. And it is worth remarking, that the Poet well knew, what ſhame and confuſion the reminding one of paſt benefits is apt to produce. From the ſame topick *Achilles* talks with his mother, and *Thetis* herſelf accoſts *Jove*; and likewiſe *Phœnix*, where he holds a parley with *Achilles*. This righteous prayer hath its wiſhed accompliſhment. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 438. *Preſumptuous* Troy *miſtook the ſign.*] The thunder of *Jupiter* is deſigned as a mark of his acceptance of *Neſtor*'s prayers, and a ſign of his favour to the *Greeks*. However, there being nothing in the prodigy particular to the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* expound it in their own favour, as they ſeem war-

As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'er-pow'ring all,
Mount the thick *Trojans* up the *Grecian* Wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the jav'lin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;

ranted by their preſent ſucceſs. This ſelf-partiality of men in appropriating to themſelves the protection of heaven, has always been natural to them. In the ſame manner *Virgil* makes *Turnus* explain the Transformation of the *Trojan* ſhips into nymphs, as an ill omen to the *Trojans*.

" Trojanos hæc monſtra petunt, his Jupiter ipſe
" Auxilium ſolitum eripuit."——

Hiſtory furniſhes many inſtances of oracles, which, by reaſon of this partial interpretation, have proved an occaſion to lead men into great misfortunes: it was the caſe of *Crœſus* in his wars with *Cyrus*; and a like miſtake engaged *Pyrrhus* to make war upon the *Romans*.

ϒ. 448. *On the ſhips above, the cars below.*] This is a new ſort of battle, which *Homer* has never before mentioned; the *Greeks* on their ſhips, and the *Trojans* in their chariots, as on a plain. *Euſtathius.*

Still in the tent *Patroclus* ſat, to tend
The good *Eurypylus*, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms, to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the med'cine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious *Troy*; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Tho' yet thy ſtate require redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: what horrours ſtrike my eyes?
Charg'd with *Achilles'* high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe;
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome fav'ring God his ſoul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
Th' embody'd *Greeks* the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, tho' numerous, to repulſe in vain;

Nor could the *Trojans*, thro' that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way,
As when a ſhipwright, with *Palladian* art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were try'd,
And ev'ry ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet
Ajax the great, and god-like *Hector* meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.

℣. 472. *Nor could the* Trojans — *Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.*] *Homer* always marks diſtinctly the place of battle; he here ſhews us clearly, that the *Trojans* attacked the firſt line of the fleet that ſtood next the wall, or the veſſels which were drawn foremoſt on the land: theſe veſſels were a ſtrong rampart to the tents which were pitched behind, and to the other line of the navy which ſtood nearer to the ſea; to penetrate therefore to the tents, they muſt neceſſarily force the firſt line, and defeat the troops which defended it. *Euſtathius.*

The ſon of *Clytius* in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by *Telamon*'s huge lance expires;
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great *Hector* view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of *Trojan*, all of *Lycian* race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace:
Lo! where the ſon of royal *Clytius* lies;
Ah ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager jav'lin ſought the foe:
But *Ajax* ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy *Lycophron*:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at *Ajax*' board,
A faithful ſervant to a foreign Lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies a lifeleſs load, along the land.
With anguiſh *Ajax* views the piercing ſight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to *Hector*'s rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which *Phœbus* taught to bend?

Impatient *Teucer*, haſt'ning to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytus, *Piſenor*'s ſon, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, *Polydamas!* an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickeſt of th' embattl'd plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind:
Thro' his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;

'Till ſad *Polydamas* the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, *Aſtynous*, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe,
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd ev'ry blow.
Once more bold *Teucer*, in his country's cauſe,
At *Hector*'s breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great *Trojan!* had renown'd that day.
But *Hector* was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer of the fates of men,
(Imperial *Jove*) his preſent death withſtands;
Nor was ſuch glory due to *Teucer*'s hands.
At its full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;
Down dropp'd the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great *Ajax* cries;
Some God prevents our deſtin'd enterpriſe:
Some God, propitious to the *Trojan* foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.

Since heav'n commands it (*Ajax* made reply)
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
(Thy arms no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield,)
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous ſhield.
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long ſucceſſes vain;
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ſhip to gain,
Aſks toil, and ſweat, and blood: their utmoſt might
Shall find its match — no more: 'tis ours to fight.
Then *Teucer* laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulder ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warriour wields; and his great brother joins.
This *Hector* ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy,
Ye troops of *Lycia*, *Dardanus*, and *Troy!*
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.

Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent *Jove!* how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of *Greece*, and ſuch is ours:
Behold, ye warriours, and exert your pow'rs.
Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, tho' ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;

℣. 582. *Death is the worſt*, &c.] It is with very great addreſs, that to the bitterneſs of death, he adds the advantages that were to accrue after it. And the ancients are of opinion, that it would be as advantageous for young ſoldiers to read this leſſon, conciſe as it is, as all the volumes of *Tyrtæus*, wherein he endeavours to raiſe the ſpirits of his countrymen. *Homer* makes a noble enumeration of the parts wherein the happineſs of a city conſiſts. For having told us in another place, the three great evils to which a town, when taken, is ſubject; the ſlaughter of the men, the deſtruction of the place by fire, the leading of their wives and children into captivity; now he reckons up the bleſſings that are contrary to thoſe calamities. To the ſlaughter of the men indeed he makes no oppoſition; becauſe it is not neceſſary to the well-being of a city, that every individual ſhould be ſaved, and not a man ſlain. *Euſtathius.*

Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
This rous'd the ſoul in ev'ry *Trojan* breaſt:
The god-like *Ajax* next his *Greeks* addreſt.
How long, ye warriours of the *Argive* race,
(To gen'rous *Argos* what a dire diſgrace!)
How long, on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the *Trojan* fire?

℣. 591. *The god-like* Ajax *next.*] The oration of *Hector* is more ſplendid and ſhining than that of *Ajax*, and alſo more ſolemn, from his ſentiments concerning the favour and aſſiſtance of *Jupiter*. But that of *Ajax* is the more politick, fuller of management, and apter to perſuade; for it abounds with no leſs than ſeven generous arguments to inſpire reſolution. He exhorts his people even to death, from the danger to which their navy was expoſed, which, if once conſumed, they were never like to get home. And as the *Trojans* were bid to die, ſo he bids his men dare to die likewiſe; and indeed with great neceſſity, for the *Trojans* may recruit after the engagement, but for the *Greeks*, they had no better way than to hazard their lives; and if they ſhould gain nothing elſe by it, yet at leaſt they would have a ſpeedy diſpatch, not a lingring and dilatory deſtruction. *Euſtathius.*

Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How *Hector* calls, and *Troy* obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far in one deciſive ſtrife,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſt'ning *Grecians* feel their leader's flame,
And ev'ry kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By *Hector* here the *Phocian Schedius* dy'd;
There pierc'd by *Ajax*, ſunk *Laodamas*,
Chief of the foot, of old *Antenor*'s race.
Polydamas laid *Otus* on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' *Epeian* band.
His lance bold *Meges* at the victor threw;
The victor ſtooping, from the death withdrew;
(That valu'd life, O *Phœbus!* was thy care)
But *Crœſmus*' boſom took the flying ſpear:

His corpſe fell bleeding on the ſlipp'ry ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant *Meges* bore.
Dolops, the ſon of *Lampus* ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old *Laomedon*,
And fam'd for proweſs in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his ſounding ſhield:
But *Meges*, *Phyleus'* ample breaſt-plate wore,
(Well-known in fight on *Selles'* winding ſhore;
For King *Euphetes* gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed ſcale)
Which oft, in cities ſtorm'd, and battles won,
Had ſav'd the father, and now ſaves the ſon.
Full at the *Trojan*'s head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with *Tyrian* dye: in duſt below
Shorn from the creſt, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the *Spartan* King ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by *Meges'* ſide, a ſudden aid,
Thro' *Dolops'* ſhoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its paſſage thro' the panting heart,
And iſſu'd at his breaſt. With thund'ring ſound
The warriour falls, extended on the ground.

In ruſh the conqu'ring *Greeks* to ſpoil the ſlain:
But *Hector*'s voice excites his kindred train;
The hero moſt, from *Hicetaon* ſprung,
Fierce *Melanippus*, gallant, brave, and young.
He (e'er to *Troy* the *Grecians* croſs'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on *Percote*'s plain;
But when oppreſs'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to *Ilion*, and excell'd in war;
For this, in *Priam*'s court, he held his place,
Belov'd no leſs than *Priam*'s royal race.
Him *Hector* ſingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.
Lo *Melanippus!* lo where *Dolops* lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on — a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
'Till *Greece* at once, and all her glory end;
Or *Ilion* from her tow'ry height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.

Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour *Melanippus* glows:
Then *Ajax* thus—Oh *Greeks!* reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.

His gen'rous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the *Grecian* hearts,
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the *Trojans*, tho' impell'd by *Jove*.
The fiery *Spartan* firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of *Neſtor* in his cauſe.

℣. 677. *And flank the navy with a brazen wall.*] The Poet has built the *Grecians* a new ſort of wall out of their arms; and perhaps one might ſay, it was from this paſſage *Apollo* borrowed that oracle which he gave to the *Athenians* about their wall of wood; in like manner the *Spartans* were ſaid to have a wall of bones: if ſo, we muſt allow the God not a little obliged to the Poet. *Euſtathius.*

Is there (he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?
Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome *Trojan* bleed.
He ſaid; and backward to the lines retir'd; 686
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſt his view.
The troops of *Troy* recede with ſudden fear, 690
While the ſwift jav'lin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing *Melanippus* met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms reſound,
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
The victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize; 696
Thus on a Roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
The diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
Obſerving *Hector* to the reſcue flew; 700
Bold as he was, *Antilochus* withdrew.
So when a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;

While conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude reſound,
Timely he flies the yet-untaſted food,
And gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all *Troy* with ſhouts purſue,
While ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſt flew;
But enter'd in the *Grecian* ranks, he turns
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of *Trojans* drove,
Fierce to fulfil the ſtern decrees of *Jove:*
The Sire of Gods, confirming *Thetis'* pray'r,
The *Grecian* ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
But lifts to glory *Troy*'s prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
On *Ida*'s top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the ſkies;
Then, nor 'till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
The *Trojans* fly, and conquer'd *Ilion* burn.
Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes *Hector* to the work deſign'd,

℣. 723. *He raiſes* Hector, *&c.*] This picture of *Hector*, impulſed by *Jupiter*, is a very finiſhed piece, and excels all the drawings of this hero which *Homer* has given us in ſo

Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a light'ning, on the foe.
So *Mars*, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For *Jove* his ſplendour round the Chief had thrown,
And caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.

various attitudes. He is here repreſented as an inſtrument in the hand of *Jupiter*, to bring about thoſe deſigns the God had long projected: and as his fatal hour now approaches, *Jove* is willing to recompenſe his haſty death with this ſhort-lived glory. Accordingly, this being the laſt ſcene of victory he is to appear in, the Poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terrour of a conqueror: his eyes ſparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the God of War, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and a ſtorm, and the deſtruction he cauſes is reſembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The Poet, by this heap of compariſons, raiſes the idea of the hero higher than any ſimple deſcription could reach.

Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern *Pallas*, and *Pelides'* ſpear:
Yet *Jove* deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!.

Now all on fire for fame, his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle ev'ry prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The *Grecian* Phalanx moveleſs as a tow'r
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his pow'r:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the wat'ry mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall
Like fire from *Jove*, and burſts upon them all:

ỳ. 736. —— *His fate was near* —— *Due to ſtern* Pallas.] It may be aſked, what *Pallas* has to do with the *Fates*, or what Power has ſhe over them? *Homer* ſpeaks thus, becauſe *Minerva* has already reſolved to ſuccour *Achilles*, and deceive *Hector* in the combat between theſe two heroes, as we find in book xxii. Properly ſpeaking, *Pallas* is nothing but the knowledge and wiſdom of *Jove*, and it is wiſdom which preſides over the counſels of his providence; therefore ſhe may be looked upon as drawing all things to the fatal term to which they are decreed. *Dacier*.

Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;

℣. 752. *Burſts as a wave*, &c.] *Longinus*, obſerving that oftentimes the principal beauty of writing conſiſts in the judicious aſſembling together of the great circumſtances, and the ſtrength with which they are marked in the proper place, chuſes this paſſage of *Homer* as a plain inſtance of it. "Where "(ſays that noble critick) in deſcribing the terrour of a tem-"peſt, he takes care to expreſs whatever are the accidents of "moſt dread and horrour in ſuch a ſituation: he is not con-"tent to tell us that the mariners were in danger, but he "brings them before our eyes, as in a picture, upon the "point of being every moment overwhelmed by every wave; "nay, the very words and ſyllables of the deſcription, give "us an image of their peril." He ſhews, that a Poet of leſs judgment would amuſe himſelf in leſs important circumſtances, and ſpoil the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-choſen, or ſuperfluous particulars. Thus *Aratus* endeavouring to refine upon that line,

And inſtant death on ev'ry wave appears!

He turned it thus,

A ſlender plank preſerves them from their fate.

Which, by flouriſhing upon the thought, has loſt the loftineſs and terrour of it, and is ſo far from improving the image, that it leſſens and vaniſhes in his management. By confining the danger to a ſingle line, he has ſcarce left the ſhadow of it; and indeed the word *preſerves* takes away even that. The ſame critick produces a fragment of an old poem on the *Arimaſpians*, written in this falſe taſte, whoſe author, he doubts not, imagined he had ſaid ſomething wonderful in the following affected verſes. I have done my beſt to give them the ſame turn, and I believe there are thoſe who will not think them bad ones.

White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing thro' ev'ry ſhroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the *Greeks* the eyes of *Hector* meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.
As when a lion, ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes;
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.

Ye pow'rs! what madneſs! How on ſhips ſo frail,
(Tremendous thought!) can thoughtleſs mortals ſail?
For ſtormy ſeas they quit the pleaſing plain,
Plant woods in waves, and dwell amidſt the main.
Far o'er the deep (a trackleſs path) they go,
And wander oceans, in purſuit of woe.
No eaſe their hearts, no reſt their eyes can find,
On heav'n their looks, and on the waves their mind;
Sunk are their ſpirits, while their arms they rear;
And Gods are weary'd with their fruitleſs pray'r.

Thus from the rage of *Jove*-like *Hector* flew
All *Greece* in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The miniſter of ſtern *Euryſtheus'* ire,
Againſt *Alcides*, *Copreus* was his ſire:
The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as gen'rous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to *Hector's* ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up-ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n Chief th' invading *Trojan* preſt,
And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero; fled, or ſhar'd his fate.
Chas'd from the foremoſt line, the *Grecian* train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſp'rate band.

Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but *Neſtor* moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the *Grecian* hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.
O friends! be men: your gen'rous breaſts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual ſhame!

ỳ. 796. Neſtor's *ſpeech.*] This popular harangue of *Neſtor*, is juſtly extolled as the ſtrongeſt and moſt perſuaſive piece of oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which men can be affected; the preſervation of their wives and children, the ſecure poſſeſſions of their fortunes, the reſpect of their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of thoſe that were departed: by theſe he diverts the *Grecians* from any thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril. *Euſtathius.*

This noble exhortation is finely imitated by *Taſſo*, *Jeruſalem*, *lib.* x.

" — — O valoroſo, hor via con queſta
" Faccia, a ritor la preda a noi rapita.
" L' imagine ad alcuno in mente deſta,
" Glie la figura quaſi, e glie l' addita
" De la pregante patria e de la meſta
" Supplice famiglivola ſbigottita.
" Credi (dicea) che la tua patri ſpieghi
" Per la mia lingua in tai parole i preghi.
" Guarda tù le mie leggi, e i ſacri tempi
" Fà ch' io del ſangue mio non bagni, e lavi,
" Aſſicura le virgini da gli empi,
" E i ſepolchri, e le cinere de gli avi.

Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents ſhare:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head:
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.

He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroick fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs *Jove* around them threw
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great *Ajax* ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtick, and his ample ſize:

" A te piangendo i lor paſſati tempi
" Moſtran la bianca chioma i vecchi gravi:
" A tè la moglie, e le mammelle, e'l petto,
" Le cune, e i figli, e'l marital ſuo letto."

ỳ. 814. *Firſt of the field, great* Ajax.] In this book *Homer*, to raiſe the valour of *Hector*, gives him *Neptune* for an antago-

A pond'rous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long he ſwings around;
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantick ſtride,
The god-like hero ſtrides from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the wat'ry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city thro' the publick way;

niſt; and to raiſe that of *Ajax*, he firſt oppoſed to him *Hector*, ſupported by *Apollo*, and now the ſame *Hector* ſupported and impelled by *Jupiter* himſelf. Theſe are ſtrokes of a maſter-hand. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 824. *Drives four fair courſers*, &c.] The compariſon which *Homer* here introduces, is a demonſtration that the art of mounting and managing horſes was brought to ſo great a perfection in theſe early times, that one man could manage four at once, and leap from one to the other even when they run full ſpeed. But ſome object, That the cuſtom of riding was not known in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan* war: beſides, they ſay the compariſon is not juſt, for the horſes are ſaid to run full ſpeed, whereas the ſhips ſtand firm and unmoved. Had *Homer* put the compariſon in the mouth of one of his heroes, the objection had been juſt, and he guilty of an inconſiſtency: but it is he himſelf who ſpeaks: ſaddle-horſes were in uſe in his age, and any poet may be allowed to illuſtrate pieces of antiquity by images familiar to his times. This is ſufficient for the firſt objection; nor is the ſecond more reaſonable; for it is not abſolutely neceſſary, that com-

Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus *Ajax* ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious *Hector* thunder'd threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the *Trojan* croud:
Then ſwift invades the ſhips, whoſe beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending ſhores:
So the ſtrong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the ſwans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And ſtooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce ſpirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the ſounding prores.

pariſons ſhould correſpond in every particular; it ſuffices if there be a general reſemblance. This is only introduced to ſhew the agility of *Ajax*, who paſſes ſwiftly from one veſſel to another, and is therefore entirely juſt. *Euſtathius.*

Thou would'ſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain!
Like ſtrength is felt from hope, and from deſpair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold *Hector!* whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand;
The ſame which dead *Proteſilaüs* bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy *Trojan* ſhore:
For this in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breaſts with mutual blood.

ỳ. 856. *The ſame which dead* Proteſilaüs *bore.*] *Homer* feigns that *Hector* laid hold on the ſhip of the dead *Proteſilaüs*, rather than on that of any other, that he might not diſgrace any of his *Grecian* Generals. *Euſtathius.*

No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded they wound; and ſeek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, ſwords, and ſhorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground; 865
With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Still raging *Hector* with his ample hand
Graſps the high ſtern, and gives this loud command.
Haſte, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years 870
Is finiſh'd; and the day deſir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with deſtruction of yon' hoſtile fleet.
The coward counſels of a tim'rous throng
Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long: 875

ỳ. 874. *The coward counſels of a tim'rous throng*
Of rev'rend dotards ——]

Homer adds this with a great deal of art and prudence, to anſwer beforehand all the objections which he well foreſaw

Too long *Jove* lull'd us with lethargick charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full deſires,
Wakes all our force, and ſeconds all our fires.
He ſpoke — the warriours, at his fierce com-
mand,
Pour a new deluge on the *Grecian* band.
Ev'n *Ajax* paus'd (ſo thick the jav'lins fly)
Step'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he ſtands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:

might be made, becauſe *Hector* never till now attacks the *Grecians* in their camp, or endeavours to burn their navy. He was retained by the elders of *Troy*, who frozen with fear at the ſight of *Achilles*, never ſuffered him to march from the ramparts. Our Author forgets nothing that has the reſemblance of truth; but he had yet a farther reaſon for inſerting this, as it exalts the glory of his principal hero: theſe elders of *Troy* thought it leſs difficult to defeat the *Greeks*, though defended with ſtrong entrenchments, while *Achilles* was not with them, than to overcome them without entrenchments when he aſſiſted them. And this is the reaſon that they prohibited *Hector* before, and permit him now, to ſally upon the enemy. *Dacier.*

ϒ. 877. *But now* Jove *calls to arms*, &c.] *Hector* ſeems to be ſenſible of an extraordinary impulſe from heaven, ſignified by theſe words, *the moſt mighty hand of* Jove *puſhing him on.* It is no more than any other perſon would be ready to imagine, who ſhould riſe from a ſtate of diſtreſs or indolence, into one of good fortune, vigour, and activity. *Euſtathius.*

Ev'n to the laſt, his naval charge defends,
Now ſhakes his ſpear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet, the *Greeks* with piercing ſhouts inſpires,
Amidſt attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once ſons of *Mars*, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers virtues and your own.

℣. 890. *The ſpeech of* Ajax.] There is great ſtrength, cloſeneſs, and ſpirit in this ſpeech, and one might (like many criticks) employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But ſure the perpetual rapture of ſuch commentators, who are always giving us exclamations inſtead of criticiſms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgment. Of what uſe is this either to a reader who has a taſte, or to one who has not? To admire a fine paſſage, is what the former will do without us, and what the latter cannot be taught to do by us. However we ought gratefully to acknowledge the good nature of moſt people, who are not only pleaſed with this ſuperficial applauſe given to fine paſſages, but are likewiſe inclined to transfer to the critick, who only points at theſe beauties, part of the admiration juſtly due to the Poet. This is a cheap and eaſy way to fame, which many writers ancient and modern have purſued with great ſucceſs. Formerly indeed this ſort of authors had modeſty, and were humbly content to call their performances only *Florilegia* or *Poſies*: but ſome of late have paſſed ſuch collections on the world for criticiſms of great depth and learning, and ſeem to expect the ſame flowers ſhould pleaſe us better, in theſe

What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the *Trojans*, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.

paltry noſegays of their own making up, than in the native gardens where they grew. As this practice of extolling without giving reaſons is very convenient for moſt writers, ſo it excellently ſuits the ignorance or lazineſs of moſt readers, who will come into any ſentiment rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the compliment is mutual: for as ſuch criticks do not tax their readers with any thought to underſtand them, ſo their readers in return, advance nothing in oppoſition to ſuch criticks. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaiming in this manner; *What an exquiſite ſpirit of poetry* —— *How beautiful a circumſtance* —— *What delicacy of ſentiments* —— *With what art has the Poet* —— *In how ſublime and juſt a manner* —— *How finely imagined* —— *How wonderfully beautiful and poetical* —— And ſo proceed, without one reaſon to interrupt the courſe of their eloquence, moſt comfortably and ignorantly apoſtrophiſing to the end of the chapter.

Whate'er bold *Trojan* arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the ſable ſhips, with flaming brands;
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warriour at his ſtern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great *Ajax* to the ſhades of hell.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſixth battle: the acts and death of *Patroclus*.

PATROCLUS *(in purſuance of the requeſt of* Neſtor *in the eleventh book) entreats* Achilles *to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the* Greeks *with* Achilles's *troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of* Achilles *are deſcribed.* Achilles *offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which* Patroclus *leads the* Myrmidons *to battle. The* Trojans *at the ſight of* Patroclus *in* Achilles's *armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels,* Hector *himſelf flies,* Sarpedon *is killed, though* Jupiter *was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed; in the heat of which,* Patroclus, *neglecting the orders of* Achilles, *purſues the foe to the walls of* Troy; *where* Apollo *repulſes and diſarms him,* Euphorbus *wounds him, and* Hector *kills him: which concludes the book.*

THE

*SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

So warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore.
Meantime *Patroclus* to *Achilles* flies;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;

* We have at the Entrance of this book one of the moſt beautiful parts of the *Iliad*. The two different characters are admirably ſuſtained in the dialogue of the two heroes, wherein there is not a period but ſtrongly marks not only their natural temper, but that particular diſpoſition of mind in either, which ariſes from the preſent ſtate of affairs. We ſee *Patro-*

Not faſter, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.

clus touched with the deepeſt compaſſion for the misfortune of the *Greeks*, (whom the *Trojans* had forced to retreat to their ſhips, and which ſhips were on the point of burning) proſtrating himſelf before the veſſel of *Achilles*, and pouring out his tears at his feet. *Achilles*, ſtruck with the grief of his friend, demands the cauſe of it. *Patroclus*, pointing to the ſhips, where the flames already began to riſe, tells him he is harder than the rocks or ſea which lay in proſpect before them, if he is not touched with ſo moving a ſpectacle, and can ſee in cold blood his friends periſhing before his eyes. As nothing can be more natural and affecting than the ſpeech of *Patroclus*, ſo nothing is more lively and pictureſque than the attitude he is here deſcribed in.

The *Pathetick* of *Patroclus*'s ſpeech is finely contraſted by the *Fierté* of that of *Achilles*. While the former is melting with ſorrow for his countrymen, the utmoſt he can hope from the latter, is but to borrow his armour and troops; to obtain his perſonal aſſiſtance he knows is impoſſible. At the very inſtant that *Achilles* is moved to aſk the cauſe of his friend's concern, he ſeems to ſay that nothing could deſerve it but the death of their fathers: and in the ſame breath ſpeaks of the total deſtruction of the *Greeks* as of too ſlight a cauſe for tears. *Patroclus*, at the opening of this ſpeech, dares not name *Agamemnon* even for being wounded; and after he has tried to bend him by all the arguments that could affect an human breaſt, concludes by ſuppoſing that ſome oracle or ſupernatural inſpiration is the cauſe that with-holds his arms. What can match the fierceneſs of his anſwer: which implies, that not the oracles of heaven itſelf ſhould be regarded, if they ſtood in competition with his reſentment: that if he yields, it muſt be through his own mere motive: the only reaſon he has ever to yield, is that nature itſelf cannot ſupport anger eternally: and if he yields now, it is only becauſe

Divine *Pelides*, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt belov'd.

he had before determined to do ſo at a certain time, (*Il.* ix. ℣. 767.) That time was not till the flames ſhould approach to his own ſhips, till the laſt article of danger, and that not of danger to *Greece*, but to himſelf. Thus his very pity has the ſterneſt qualifications in the world. After all, what is it he yields to? only to ſuffer his friend to go in his ſtead, juſt to ſave them from preſent ruin, but he expreſly forbids him to proceed any farther in their aſſiſtance, than barely to put out the fires, and ſecure his own and his friends return into their country: and all this concludes with a wiſh, that (if it were poſſible) every *Greek* and every *Trojan* might periſh except themſelves. Such is that *wrath* of *Achilles*, that more than wrath, as the *Greek* μῆνις implies, which *Homer* has painted in ſo ſtrong a colouring.

℣. 8. *Indulgent to his beſt belov'd.*] The friendſhip of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* is celebrated by all antiquity: and *Homer*, notwithſtanding the anger of *Achilles* was his profeſſed ſubject, has found the ſecret to diſcover, through that very anger, the ſofter parts of his character. In this view we ſhall find him generous in his temper, deſpiſing gain and booty, and as far as his honour is not concerned, fond of his miſtreſs, and eaſy to his friend: not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill uſed, than grateful and gentle when reſpectfully treated. "*Patroclus* (ſays *Philoſtratus*, who probably grounds his aſſertion on ſome ancient tradition) was not ſo much elder than *Achilles* as to pretend to direct him, but of a tender, modeſt, and unaſſuming nature; conſtant and diligent in his attendance, and ſeeming to have no affections but thoſe of his friend." The ſame author has a very pretty paſſage, where *Ajax* is introduced enquiring of *Achilles*, "Which of all his warlike actions were the moſt difficult and dangerous to him? He anſwers, thoſe which he undertook for the ſake of his friends. And which (continues *Ajax*) were the moſt pleaſing and eaſy? The very

Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;

" ſame, replies *Achilles*. He then aſks him, Which of all " the wounds he ever bore in battle was the moſt painful " to him? *Achilles* anſwers, That which he received from " *Hector*. But *Hector*, ſays *Ajax*, never gave you a wound. " Yes, replies *Achilles*, a mortal one, when he ſlew my friend " *Patroclus*."

It is ſaid in the life of *Alexander the Great*, that when that Prince viſited the monuments of the heroes at *Troy*, and placed a crown upon the tomb of *Achilles*; his friend *Hephæſtion* placed another on that of *Patroclus*, as an intimation of his being to *Alexander* what the other was to *Achilles*. On which occaſion the ſaying of *Alexander* is recorded; *That* Achilles *was happy indeed, for having had ſuch a* Friend *to love him living, and ſuch a* Poet *to celebrate him dead.*

℣. 11. *No girl, no infant*, &c.] I know the obvious tranſlation of this paſſage makes the compariſon conſiſt only in the tears of the infant, applied to thoſe of *Patroclus*. But certainly the idea of the ſimile will be much finer, if we comprehend alſo in it the mother's fondneſs and concern, awakened by this uneaſineſs of the child, which no leſs aptly correſponds with the tenderneſs of *Achilles* on the ſight of his friend's affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the compariſon, in that purſuit and conſtant application the infant makes to the mother, in the ſame manner as *Patroclus* follows *Achilles* with his grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. I think (all theſe circumſtances laid together) nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its views, than this ſimilitude; which, without that regard, has perhaps ſeemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader.

Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live, (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good *Menœtius* breathes the vital air,
And hoary *Peleus* yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praiſe.
Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon' reliques of the *Grecian* name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty Lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.
A ſigh, that inſtant, from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and *Patroclus* ſpoke.
Let *Greece* at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a *Greek*; and, once, of *Greeks* the beſt!

℣. 31. *Let* Greece *at length with pity touch thy breaſt.*] The commentators labour to prove that the words in the original, which begin this ſpeech, Μὴ νεμέσα, *Be not angry*, are not

Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, *Tydides*, *Atreus*' ſon,
And wiſe *Ulyſſes*, at the navy groan
More for their country's wounds, than for their own.

meant to deſire *Achilles* to bear no farther reſentment againſt the *Greeks*, but only not to be diſpleaſed at the tears which *Patroclus* ſheds for their misfortune. *Patroclus* (they ſay) was not ſo imprudent to begin his interceſſion in that manner, when there was need of ſomething more inſinuating. I take this to be an exceſs of refinement: the purpoſe of every period in his ſpeech is to perſuade *Achilles* to lay aſide his anger; why then may he not begin by deſiring it? The whole queſtion is, whether he may ſpeak openly in favour of the *Greeks* in the firſt half of the verſe, or in the latter? For in the ſame line he repreſents their diſtreſs,

——— τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.

It is plain he treats him without much reſerve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even miſchievous (for αἰναρέτη implies no leſs.) I do not ſee wherein the Caution of this ſpeech conſiſts; it is a generous, unartful petition, whereof *Achilles*'s nature would much more approve, than of all the artifice of *Ulyſſes*, (to which he expreſſed his hatred in the ninth book, ỳ. 412.)

ỳ. 35. Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' *ſon*,
And wiſe Ulyſſes ——]

Patroclus in mentioning the wounded Princes to *Achilles*, takes care not to put *Agamemnon* firſt, leſt that odious name ſtriking his ear on a ſudden, ſhould ſhut it againſt the reſt of his diſcourſe: neither does he name him laſt, for fear *Achilles*

Their pain, ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe.
May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No — men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm,

dwelling upon it ſhould fall into paſſion: but he ſlides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the reſt, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names which precede and follow it may diminiſh the hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not ſo much as accompany it with an epithet.

I think the foregoing remark of *Euſtathius* is very ingenious, and I have given into it ſo far, as to chuſe rather to make *Patroclus* call him *Atreus'* ſon than *Agamemnon*, which yet farther ſoftens it, ſince thus it might as well be imagined he ſpoke of *Menelaus*, as of *Agamemnon*.

A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.
If ſome dire Oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If aught from *Jove*, or *Thetis*, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may ſhine,
If I but lead the *Myrmidonian* line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud *Troy* ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon *Greece* ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and *Greece* reſpire again.

℣. 61. *And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.*] It is hard to conceive a greater compliment, or one that could more touch the warlike ambition of *Achilles*, than this which *Homer* puts into the mouth of *Patroclus*. It was alſo an encomium which he could not ſuſpect of flattery; ſince the perſon who made it deſires to hazard his life upon the ſecurity that the enemy could not ſupport the ſight of the very armour of *Achilles*: and indeed *Achilles* himſelf ſeems to entertain no leſs a thought, in the anſwer to this ſpeech, where he aſcribes the flight of *Troy* to the blazing of his helmet: a circumſtance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the idea of this hero's terrible character. Beſides all this, *Homer* had it in view to prepare hereby the wonderful incident that is to enſue in the eighteenth book, where the very ſight of *Achilles* from his ſhip turns the fortune of the war.

Thus, blind to fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply.
Patroclus! thy *Achilles* knows no fears;
Nor words from *Jove*, nor *Oracles* he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him pow'r to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the *Grecian* train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this — the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:

I fix'd its date; the day I wiſh'd appears:
Now *Hector* to my ſhips his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the ſhouts invade my ears.
Go then, *Patroclus!* court fair honour's charms
In *Troy*'s fam'd fields, and in *Achilles'* arms:
Lead forth my martial *Myrmidons* to fight,
Go ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the laſt edge of yon' deſerted land!
Behold all *Ilion* on their ſhips deſcends;
How the cloud blackens, how the ſtorm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my ſight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious King our friendſhip loſt,
Yon' ample trench had bury'd half her hoſt.
No camps, no bulwarks now the *Trojans* fear,
Thoſe are not dreadful, no *Achilles* there:
No longer flames the lance of *Tydeus'* ſon;
No more your Gen'ral calls his Heroes on;

ỳ. 101. *No longer flames the lance of* Tydeus' *ſon.*] By what *Achilles* here ſays, joining *Diomede* to *Agamemnon* in this taunting reflection, one may juſtly ſuſpect there was ſome particular diſagreement and emulation between theſe two Heroes.

Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your ſlaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, *Patroclus*, iſſue to the plain;
Now ſave the ſhips, the riſing fires reſtrain,
And give the *Greeks* to viſit *Greece* again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command
Who truſts his fame and honours in thy hand,

This we may ſuppoſe to be the more natural, becauſe *Diomede* was of all the *Greeks* confeſſedly the neareſt in fame and courage to *Achilles*, and therefore moſt likely to move his envy, as being the moſt likely to ſupply his place. The ſame ſentiments are to be obſerved in *Diomede* with regard to *Achilles*; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore in their greateſt extremities he no where acknowledges the neceſſity of appeaſing *Achilles*, but always in council appears moſt forward and reſolute to carry on the war without him. For this reaſon he was not thought a fit embaſſador to *Achilles*; and upon return from the embaſſy, he breaks into a ſevere reflection, not only upon *Achilles*, but even upon *Agamemnon* who had ſent this embaſſy to him. I *wiſh thou hadſt not ſent theſe ſupplications and gifts to* Achilles; *his inſolence was extreme before, but now his arrogance will be intolerable*; *let us not mind whether he goes or ſtays, but do our duty and prepare for the battle*. *Euſtathius* obſerves, that *Achilles* uſes this particular expreſſion concerning *Diomede*,

Οὐ γὰρ Τυδείδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσι
Μαίνεται ἐγχείη ——

becauſe it was the ſame boaſting expreſſion *Diomede* had applied to himſelf, *Il.* viii. ℣. 111. of the original. But this having been ſaid only to *Neſtor* in the heat of fight how can we ſuppoſe *Achilles* had notice of it? this obſervation ſhews the great diligence, if not the judgment, of the good Archbiſhop.

And from thy deeds expects, th' *Achaian* hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous maid he loſt:
Rage uncontroll'd thro' all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not *Hector*, *Hector* is my due.

ỳ. 111. *Shall render back the beauteous maid.*] But this is what the *Greeks* had already offered to do, and which he has refuſed; this then is an inequality in *Achilles*'s manners. Not at all: *Achilles* is ſtill ambitious; when he refuſed theſe preſents, the *Greeks* were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the laſt extremity, and till he was ſufficiently revenged by their loſſes. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 113. *But touch not* Hector.] This injunction of *Achilles* is highly correſpondent to his ambitious character: he is by no means willing that the conqueſt of *Hector* ſhould be atchieved by any hand but his own: in that point of glory he is jealous even of his deareſt friend. This alſo wonderfully ſtrengthens the idea we have of his implacability and reſentment; ſince at the ſame time that nothing can move him to aſſiſt the *Greeks* in the battle, we ſee it is the utmoſt force upon his nature to abſtain from it, by the fear he manifeſts leſt any other ſhould ſubdue this hero.

The verſe I am ſpeaking of,

Τὰς ἄλλας ἐνάριξ ἀπὸ δ' Ἕκτορος ἴσχεο χεῖρας,

is cited by *Diogenes Laertius* as *Homer*'s, but not found to be in the editions before that of *Barnes*'s. It is certainly one of the inſtructions of *Achilles* to *Patroclus*, and therefore properly placed in this ſpeech; but I believe better after

——————— ποτὶ δ', ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν,

than where he has inſerted it four lines above: for *Achilles*'s inſtructions not beginning till ỳ. 83.

Πείθεο δ', ὥς τοι ἐγὼ μύθῳ τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θείω,

it is not ſo proper to divide this material one from the reſt. Whereas (according to the method I propoſe) the whole

Tho' *Jove* in thunder ſhould command the war;
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear.
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to *Ilion*'s walls the *Grecian* race;
Some adverſe God, thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some God, like *Phœbus*, ever kind to *Troy*.
Let *Greece* redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work; and leave the reſt to fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Apollo, *Pallas*, and almighty *Jove!*

context will lie in this order. *Obey my injunctions, as you conſult my intereſt and honour. Make as great a ſlaughter of the* Trojans *as you will, but abſtain from* Hector. *And as ſoon as you have repulſed them from the ſhips, be ſatisfied and return: for it may be fatal to purſue the victory to the walls of* Troy.

℣. 115. *Conſult my glory, and forbear.*] *Achilles* tells *Patroclus*, that if he purſues the foe too far, whether he ſhall be victor or vanquiſhed, it muſt prove either way prejudicial to his glory. For by the former, the *Greeks* having no more need of *Achilles*'s aid, will not reſtore him his captive, nor try any more to appeaſe him by preſents: by the latter, his arms would be left in the enemy's hands, and he himſelf upbraided with the death of *Patroclus*. *Dacier*.

℣. 122. *Oh! would to all*, &c.] *Achilles* from his overflowing gall, vents this execration: the *Trojans* he hates as profeſſed enemies, and he deteſts the *Grecians* as people who had with calmneſs overlooked his wrongs. Some of the ancient criticks not entering into the manners of *Achilles*, would have expunged this imprecation, as uttering an univerſal malevo-

That not one *Trojan* might be left alive,
And not a *Greek* of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!

lence to mankind. This violence agrees perfectly with his implacable character. But one may obſerve at the ſame time the mighty force of friendſhip, if for the ſake of his dear *Patroclus* he will protect and ſecure thoſe *Greeks*, whoſe deſtruction he wiſhes. What a little qualifies this bloody wiſh, is, that we may ſuppoſe it ſpoken with great unreſervedneſs, as in ſecret, and between friends.

Monſ. *le la Motte* has a lively remark upon the abſurdity of this wiſh. Upon the ſuppoſition that *Jupiter* had granted it, if all the *Trojans* and *Grecks* were deſtroyed, and only *Achilles* and *Patroclus* left to conquer *Troy*, he aſks what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any ſpectators? but the anſwer is very obvious; *Homer* intends to paint a man in paſſion; the wiſhes and ſchemes of ſuch an one are ſeldom conformable to reaſon; and the manners are preſerved the better, the leſs they are repreſented to be ſo.

This brings into my mind that curſe in *Shakeſpear*, where that admirable maſter of nature makes *Northumberland*, in the rage of his paſſion, wiſh for an univerſal deſtruction.

— — — — — Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

Such conf'rence held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand,
Great *Jove* with conqueſt crown'd the *Trojan* band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick, the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:

℣. 130. Ajax *no more*, &c.] This deſcription of *Ajax* wearied out with battle, is a paſſage of exquiſite life and beauty: yet what I think nobler than the deſcription itſelf; is what he ſays at the end of it, that his hero even in this exceſs of fatigue and languor, could ſcarce be moved from his poſt by the efforts of a whole army. *Virgil* has copied the deſcription very exactly, *Æn.* ix.

" Ergo nec clypeo juvenis ſubſiſtere tantum,
" Nec dextra valet: injectis ſic undique telis
" Obruitur. Strepit aſſiduo cava tempora circum
" Tinnitu galea, & *ſaxis ſolida æra fatiſcunt:*
" *Diſcuſſæque jubæ capiti, nec ſufficit umbo*
" *Ictibus:* ingeminant haſtis & Troës, & ipſe
" Fulmineus Mneſtheus; tum toto corpore ſudor
" Liquitur, & piceum, nec reſpirare poteſtas,
" Flumen agit; feſſos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

The circumſtances which I have marked in a different character are improvements upon *Homer*, and the laſt verſe excellently expreſſes, in the ſhort catching up of the numbers, the quick ſhort panting, repreſented in the image. The reader may add to the compariſon an imitation of the ſame place in *Taſſo*, *Cant.* ix. *St.* 97.

" Fatto intanto hà il ſoldan cio, ch'e conceſſo
" Fare a terrena forza, hor piu non puote:
" Tutto e ſangue e ſudore; un grave, e ſpeſſo
" Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianche ſcote.

On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung,
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes, and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and wo ſucceeds to wo.
Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with *Trojan* flame?
Stern *Hector* wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious *Ajax* ply'd his aſhen ſpear,
Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warriour ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.

" Langue ſotto lo ſcudo il brachio oppreſſo,
" Gira la deſtra il ferro in pigre rote;
" Speſſa, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuſo
" Perduto il brando omai di brando hà l'uſo."

Great *Ajax* ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing *Jove*, and trembling at the ſign;
Warm'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhow'r;
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
Divine *Achilles* view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.

ỳ. 148. *Great* Ajax *ſaw, and own'd the hand divine, Confeſſing* Jove, *and trembling at the ſign.*]

In the *Greek* there is added an explication of this ſign, which has no other alluſion to the action, but a very odd one in a ſingle phraſe or metaphor.

—— ὅ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κείρει
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βάλλε νίκην.

Which may be tranſlated,

So ſeem'd their hopes cut off by heav'n's high Lord,
So doom'd to fall before the *Trojan* ſword.

Chapman endeavours to account for the meanneſs of this conceit, by the groſs wit of *Ajax*; who ſeeing the head of his lance cut off, took it into his fancy, that *Jupiter* would in the ſame manner cut off the counſels and ſchemes of the *Greeks*. For to underſtand this far-fetched apprehenſion gravely, as the commentators have done, is indeed (to uſe the words of *Chapman*) moſt *dull* and *Ajantical*. I believe no man will blame me for leaving theſe lines out of the text.

ỳ. 154. Achilles *view'd the riſing flames.*] This event is prepared with a great deal of art and probability. That ef-

Arm, arm, *Patroclus!* Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, e'er our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, e'er the *Grecians* be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—The hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs, with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his falchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:

fect which a multitude of ſpeeches was not able to accompliſh, one lamentable ſpectacle, the ſight of the flames, at length, brings to paſs, and moves *Achilles* to compaſſion. This it was (ſay the ancients) that moved the tragedians to make viſible repreſentations of miſery; for the ſpectators beholding people in unhappy circumſtances, find their ſouls more deeply touched, than by all the ſtrains of rhetorick. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 162. *He cas'd his limbs in braſs*, &c.] *Homer* does not amuſe himſelf here to deſcribe theſe arms of *Achilles* at length, for beſides that the time permits it not, he reſerves this deſcription for the new armour which *Thetis* ſhall bring that hero; a deſcription which will be placed in a more quiet moment, and which will give him all the leiſure of making it, without requiring any force to introduce it. *Euſtathius.*

Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, *Pelides'* Jav'lin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by *Pelides'* hands;
From *Pelion*'s ſhady brow the plant entire
Old *Chiron* rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave *Automedon* (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his Lord in love and fame,

℣. 172. *Alone, untouch'd,* Pelides' *Jav'lin ſtands.*] This paſſage affords another inſtance of the ſtupidity of the commentators, who are here moſt abſurdly inquiſitive after the reaſons why *Patroclus* does not take the ſpear, as well as the other arms of *Achilles?* he thought himſelf a very happy man, who firſt found out, that *Homer* had certainly given this ſpear to *Patroclus*, if he had not foreſeen that when it ſhould be loſt in his future unfortunate engagement, *Vulcan* could not furniſh *Achilles* with another; being no joiner, but only a ſmith. *Virgil*, it ſeems, was not ſo preciſely acquainted with *Vulcan*'s diſability to profeſs the two trades: ſince he has, without any ſcruple, employed him in making a ſpear, as well as the other arms for *Æneas*. Nothing is more obvious than this thought of *Homer*, who intended to raiſe the idea of his hero, by giving him ſuch a ſpear as no other could wield: the deſcription of it in this place is wonderfully pompous.

In peace his friend, and partner of the war) 180
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car;
Xanthus and *Balius*, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed;

ỳ. 183. *Sprung from the wind.*] It is a beautiful invention of the poet, to repreſent the wonderful ſwiftneſs of the horſes of *Achilles*, by ſaying they were begotten by the weſtern wind. This fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our author might have deſigned it even in the literal ſenſe: nor ought the notion to be thought very extravagant in a Poet, ſince grave naturaliſts have ſeriouſly vouched the truth of this kind of generation. Some of them relate as an undoubted piece of natural hiſtory, that there was anciently a breed of this kind of horſes in *Portugal*, whoſe dams were impregnated by a weſtern wind: *Varro*, *Columella*, and *Pliny*, are all of this opinion. I ſhall only mention the words of *Pliny*, Nat. Hiſt. lib. viii. cap. 42. *Conſtat in Luſitania circa Olyſſiponem oppidum, & Tagum amnem, equas Favonio flante obverſas animalem concipere ſpiritum, idque partum fieri & gigni perniciſſimum.* See alſo the ſame author, *l.* iv. *c.* 12. *l.* xvi. *c.* 25. Poſſibly *Homer* had this opinion in view, which we ſee has authority more than ſufficient to give it place in poetry. *Virgil* has given us a deſcription of this manner of conception, *Georgick* iii.

" Continuoque avidis ubi ſubdita flamma medullis,
" Vere magis (quia vere calor redit oſſibis) illæ
" Ore omnes verſæ in zephyrum, ſtant rupibus altis,
" Exceptantque leves auras: & ſæpe ſine ullis
" Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
" Saxa per & ſcopulos & depreſſas convalles
" Diffugiunt." ——

Whom the wing'd *Harpy*, ſwift *Podarge*, bore,
By *Zephyr* pregnant on the breezy ſhore:
Swift *Pedaſus* was added to their ſide,
(Once great *Aëtion*'s, now *Achilles*' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy *Myrmidons* to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they ſtand,
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings;

℣. 186. *Swift* Pedaſus *was added to their ſide.*] Here was a neceſſity for a ſpare horſe (as in another place *Neſtor* had occaſion for the ſame) that if by any misfortune one of the other horſes ſhould fall, there might be a freſh one ready at hand to ſupply his place. This is good management in the Poet, to deprive *Achilles* not only of his charioteer and his arms, but of one of his ineſtimable horſes. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 194. *Grim as voracious wolves*, &c.] There is ſcarce any picture in *Homer* ſo much in the ſavage and terrible way, as this compariſon of the *Myrmidons* to wolves: it puts one in mind of the pieces of *Spagnolett*, or *Salvator Roſa:* each circumſtance is made up of images very ſtrongly coloured and horridly lively. The principal deſign is to repreſent the ſtern looks and fierce appearance of the *Myrmidons*, a gaunt and ghaſtly train of raw-bon'd bloody-minded fellows. But beſides this, the Poet ſeems to have ſome farther view in ſo many different particulars of the compariſon; their eager de-

When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood,

ſire of fight is hinted at by the wolves thirſting after water: their ſtrength and vigour for the battle is intimated by their being filled with food: and as theſe beaſts are ſaid to have their thirſt ſharper after they are gorged with prey; ſo the *Myrmidons* are ſtrong and vigorous with eaſe and refreſhment, and therefore more ardently deſirous of the combat. This image of their *ſtrength* is incultated by ſeveral expreſſions both in the ſimile and the application, and ſeems deſigned in contraſt to the other *Greeks*, who are all waſted and ſpent with toil.

We have a picture much of this kind given us by *Milton*, *lib.* x. where *Death* is let looſe into the new creation, to glut his appetite, and diſcharge his rage upon all nature.

— — — — — — As when a flock
Of rav'nous fowls, tho' many a league remote,
Againſt the day of battle, to a field
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With ſcent of living carcaſſes, deſign'd
For death the following day, in bloody fight.
So ſcented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His noſtril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from afar.

And by *Taſſo*, *Canto* x. *St.* 2. of the furious *Soldan* covered with blood, and thirſting for freſh ſlaughter.

" Cum dal chiuſo ovil cacciato viene
" Lupo tal' hor, che fugge, e ſi naſconde;
" Che ſe ben del gran ventre omai ripiene
" Ha l'ingorde voragini profonde.
" Avido pur di ſangue anco fuor tienne
" La lingua, e'l ſugge da le labbra immonde,
" Tal' ei ſen gia dopo il ſanguingo ſtratio
" De la ſua cupa fame anco non ſatio.

To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the *Myrmidonian* crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.
High in the midſt the great *Achilles* ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of *Jove*, had lanch'd for *Ilion*'s ſhores
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.
Firſt march'd *Meneſtheus*, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth,

℣. 211. *Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters*, &c.] *Homer* ſeems reſolved that every thing about *Achilles* ſhall be miraculous. We have ſeen his very horſes are of celeſtial origin; and now his commanders, though vulgarly reputed the ſons of men, are repreſented as the real offspring of ſome deity. The Poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero by every circumſtance with which his imagination could furniſh him.

Divine *Spirchius! Jove*-deſcended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.
Such was *Meneſtheus*, but miſcall'd by fame
The ſon of *Borus*, that eſpous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom *Polymele* the gay
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, ſly *Cellenius* lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with ſwift ſtep ſhe form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from *Diana*'s quire,
The God purſu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The ſon confeſs'd his father's heav'nly race,
And heir'd his mother's ſwiftneſs in the chace.
Strong *Echeclëus*, bleſt in all thoſe charms,
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms;

ỳ. 220. *To her high Chamber.*] It was the cuſtom of thoſe times to aſſign the uppermoſt rooms to the women, that they might be the farther removed from commerce: wherefore *Penelope* in the *Odyſſey* mounts up into a garret, and there ſits to her buſineſs. So *Priam*, in the ſixth book, ỳ. 248. of the original, had chambers for the ladies of his court, under the roof of his palace.

The *Lacedæmonians* called theſe high apartments ὦα, and as the word alſo ſignifies *eggs*, it is probable it was this that gave occaſion to the fable of *Helen*'s birth, who is ſaid to be born from an *egg*. *Euſtathius*.

Not conſcious of thoſe loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he ſought and won the dame;
Her ſecret offspring to her ſire ſhe bare;
Her ſire careſs'd him with a parent's care.
Piſander follow'd; matchleſs in his art
To wing the ſpear, or aim the diſtant dart;
No hand ſo ſure of all th' *Emathian* line,
Or if a ſurer, great *Patroclus!* thine.
The fourth by *Phœnix'* grave command was grac'd;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the laſt.
Soon as *Achilles* with ſuperiour care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd *Myrmidons*, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the *Trojan* throng,
Think what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long,
" Stern ſon of *Peleus*," (thus ye us'd to ſay,
While reſtleſs, raging in your ſhips you lay)
" Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
" Whoſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field.

" If that dire fury muſt for ever burn,
" What make we here? Return, ye Chiefs, return!"
Such were your words — Now warriours grieve no more.
Lo there the *Trojans!* bathe your ſwords in gore!
This day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breaſt,
Cloſe, and more cloſe, the liſt'ning cohorts preſt;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a ſteely ring
Still grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the King.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of ſtrength defenſive againſt wind and ſtorms,
Compacted ſtones the thick'ning work compoſe,
And round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows:
So helm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
Shield urg'd on ſhield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undiſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one ſea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the reſt, in glitt'ring pomp appear
There bold *Automedon*, *Patroclus* here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
But mindful of the Gods *Achilles* went
To the rich coffer in his ſhady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold.
(The preſents of the ſilver-footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,
But *Peleus'* ſon; and *Peleus'* ſon to none
Had rais'd in off'rings, but to *Jove* alone.
This ting'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purg'd; and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt; and thus the God implor'd.

℣. 283. *And thus the God implor'd.*] Though the character of *Achilles* every where ſhews a mind ſwayed with unbounded paſſions, and entirely regardleſs of all human authority and

Oh thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!

Oh great *Pelaſgick, Dodonæan Jove!* 285

law; yet he preſerves a conſtant reſpect to the Gods, and appears as zealous in the ſentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the *Iliad*; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The preſent paſſage is an exact deſcription and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on theſe occaſions. *Achilles*, though an urgent affair called for his friend's aſſiſtance, yet would not ſuffer him to enter the fight, till in a moſt ſolemn manner he had recommended him to the protection of *Jupiter:* and this I think a ſtronger proof of his tenderneſs and affection for *Patroclus*, than either the grief he expreſſed at his death, or the fury he ſhewed to revenge it.

℣. 285. Dodonæan Jove.] The frequent mention of *Oracles* in *Homer* and the ancient Authors, may make it not improper to give the reader a general account of ſo conſiderable a part of the *Grecian* ſuperſtition; which I cannot do better than in the words of my friend Mr. *Stanyan*, in his excellent and judicious abſtract of the *Grecian* hiſtory.

"The *Oracles* were ranked among the nobleſt and moſt "religious kinds of divination; the deſign of them being "to ſettle ſuch an immediate way of converſe with their "Gods, as to be able by them not only to explain things in- "tricate and obſcure, but alſo to anticipate the knowledge "of future events; and that with far greater certainty than "they could hope for from men, who out of ignorance and "prejudice muſt ſometimes either conceal or betray the "truth. So that this became the only ſafe way of deli- "berating upon affairs of any conſequence, either publick or "private. Whether to proclaim war, or conclude a peace; "to inſtitute a new form of government, or enact new laws; "all was to be done with the advice and approbation of the "Oracle, whoſe determinations were always held ſacred and "inviolable. As to the cauſes of Oracles, *Jupiter* was looked "upon as the firſt cauſe of this, and all other ſorts of divination;

Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts, and vapours chill,
Preſid'ſt on bleak *Dodona*'s vocal hill:

" he had the book of fate before him, and out of that revealed
" either more or leſs, as he pleaſed, to inferiour dæmons. But
" to argue more rationally, this way of acceſs to the Gods has
" been branded as one of the earlieſt and groſſeſt pieces of
" prieſtcraft, that obtained in the world. For the prieſts,
" whoſe dependence was on the Oracles, when they found
" the cheat had got ſufficient footing, allowed no man to
" conſult the Gods without coſtly ſacrifices and rich preſents
" to themſelves: and as few could bear this expence, it
" ſerved to raiſe their credit among the common people by
" keeping them at an awful diſtance. And to heighten their
" eſteem with the better and wealthier ſort, even they were
" only admitted upon a few ſtated days: by which the thing
" appeared ſtill more myſterious, and for want of this good
" management, muſt quickly have been ſeen through, and
" fallen to the ground. But whatever juggling there was as
" to the religious part, Oracles had certainly a good effect
" as to the publick; being admirably ſuited to the genius of
" a people, who would join in the moſt deſperate expedition,
" and admit of any change of government, when they un-
" derſtood by the Oracle it was the irreſiſtible will of the
" Gods. This was the method *Minos*, *Lycurgus*, and all the
" famous law-givers took; and indeed they found the people
" ſo entirely devoted to this part of religion, that it was
" generally the eaſieſt, and ſometimes the only way of win-
" ning them into a compliance. And then they took care
" to have them delivered in ſuch ambiguous terms, as to ad-
" mit of different conſtructions according to the exigency of
" the times: ſo that they were generally interpreted to the
" advantage of the ſtate, unleſs ſometimes there happened to
" be bribery or flattery in the caſe; as when *Demoſthenes*
" complained that the *Pythia* ſpoke as *Philip* would have her.
" The moſt numerous, and of the greateſt repute, were the
" Oracles of *Apollo*, who in ſubordination to *Jupiter*, was

(Whoſe groves, the *Selli*, race auſtere! ſurround,
Their feet unwaſh'd, their ſlumbers on the ground;

" appointed to preſide over, and inſpire all ſorts of prophets " and diviners. And amongeſt theſe, the *Delphian* chal- " lenged the firſt place, not ſo much in reſpect of its anti- " quity, as its perſpicuity and certainty; inſomuch that the " anſwers of the *Tripos* came to be uſed proverbially for clear " and infallible truths. Here we muſt not omit the firſt *Pythia* " or prieſteſs of this famous Oracle, who uttered her re- " ſponſes in heroick verſe. They found a ſecret charm in " numbers, which made every thing look pompous and " weighty. And hence it became the general practice of le- " giſlators and philoſophers, to deliver their laws and maxims " in that dreſs: and ſcarce any thing in thoſe ages was writ " of excellence or moment but in verſe. This was the dawn " of poetry, which ſoon grew into repute; and ſo long as " it ſerved to ſuch noble purpoſes as religion and govern- " ment, poets were highly honoured, and admitted into a " ſhare of the adminiſtration. But by that time it arrived " to any perfection, they purſued more mean and ſervile " ends; and as they proſtituted their muſe, and debaſed the " ſubject, they ſunk proportionably in their eſteem and dig- " nity. As to the hiſtory of Oracles, we find them men- " tioned in the very infancy of *Greece*, and it is as uncertain " when they were finally extinct, as when they began. For " they often loſt their prophetick faculty for ſome time and " recovered it again. I know it is a common opinion, that " they were univerſally ſilenced upon our Saviour's appear- " ance in the world: and if the Devil had been permitted " for ſo many ages to delude mankind, it might probably " have been ſo. But we are aſſured from hiſtory, that ſeve- " ral of them continued till the reign of *Julian* the apoſtate, " and were conſulted by him: and therefore I look upon the " whole buſineſs as of human contrivance; an egregious im- " poſture founded upon ſuperſtition, and carried on by policy " and intereſt, till the brighter oracles of the holy ſcriptures " diſpelled theſe miſts of error and enthuſiaſm."

Who hear, from ruſtling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze.)

℣. 285. Pelaſgick, Dodonæan Jove.] *Achilles* invokes *Jupiter* with theſe particular appellations, and repreſents to him the ſervices performed by theſe prieſts and prophets; making theſe honours, paid in his own country, his claim for the protection of this Deity. *Jupiter* was looked upon as the firſt cauſe of all divination and oracles, from whence he had the appellation of παναμφαῖος, *Il.* viii. ℣. 250. of the original. The firſt Oracle of *Dodona* was founded by the *Pelaſgi*, the moſt ancient of all the inhabitants of *Greece*, which is confirmed by this verſe of *Heſiod*, preſerved by the Scholiaſt on *Sophocles*'s *Trachin:*

Δωδώνην, φηγόν τε Πελασγῶν ἔδρανον ἠκεν.

The Oaks of this place were ſaid to be endowed with voice, and prophetick ſpirit; the prieſts who gave anſwers concealing themſelves in theſe trees; a practice which the pious frauds of ſucceeding ages have rendered not improbable.

℣. 288. *Whoſe groves, the* Selli, *race auſtere*, &c.] *Homer* ſeems to me to ſay clearly enough, that theſe prieſts lay on the ground and forbore the bath, to honour by theſe auſterities the God they ſerved: for he ſays, Σοὶ ναίουσι ἀνιπτόποδες, and this Σοὶ can in my opinion only ſignify for *you*, that is to ſay, *to pleaſe you*, and *for your honour*. This example is remarkable, but I do not think it ſingular; and the earlieſt antiquity may furniſh us with the like of pagans, who by an auſtere life tried to pleaſe their Gods. Nevertheleſs I am obliged to ſay, that *Strabo*, who ſpeaks at large of theſe *Selli* in his ſeventh book, has not taken this auſterity of life for an effect of their devotion, but for a remain of the groſſneſs of their anceſtors; who being Barbarians, and ſtraying from country to country, had no bed but the earth, and never uſed a bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the firſt *Pelaſgians* (who founded this Oracle) only cuſtom and uſe, might be continued by theſe prieſts through devotion. How many things do we at

Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ſt, at *Thetis'* pray'r,
Glory to me, and to the *Greeks* deſpair.

this day ſee, which were in their original only ancient manners, and which are continued through zeal and a ſpirit of religion? It is very probable that theſe prieſts by this hard living had a mind to attract the admiration and confidence of a people who loved luxury and delicacy ſo much. I was willing to ſearch into antiquity for the original of theſe *Selli*, prieſts of *Jupiter*, but found nothing ſo ancient as *Homer*; *Herodotus* writes in his ſecond book, that the Oracle of *Dodona* was the ancienteſt in *Greece*, and that it was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an *Ægyptian* woman, who was the prieſteſs of it, is contradicted by this paſſage of *Homer*, who ſhews that in the time of the *Trojan* war this temple was ſerved by men called *Selli*, and not by women. *Strabo* informs us of a curious ancient tradition, importing, that this temple was at firſt built in *Theſſaly*, that from thence it was carried into *Dodona*; that ſeveral women who had placed their devotion there, followed it; and that in proceſs of time the prieſteſſes uſed to be choſen from among the deſcendants of thoſe women. To return to theſe *Selli*, *Sophocles*, who of all the *Greek* poets is he who has moſt imitated *Homer*, ſpeaks in like manner of theſe prieſts in one of his plays, where *Hercules* ſays to his ſon *Hillus*; "I will declare to thee a new Oracle, which perfectly agrees with "this ancient one; I myſelf having entered into the ſacred "wood inhabited by the auſtere *Selli*, who lie on the ground, "writ this anſwer of the oak, which is conſecrated to my "father *Jupiter*, and which renders his oracles in all languages." *Dacier*.

ỳ. 288.] *Homer* in this verſe uſes a word which I think ſingular and remarkable, ὑποφῆται. I cannot believe that it was put ſimply for προφῆται, but am perſuaded that this term includes ſome particular ſenſe, and ſhews ſome cuſtom but little known, which I would willingly diſcover. In the *Scholia* of *Didymus* there is this remark: "They called thoſe who

Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends, I yield:

" ſerved in the temple, and who explained the Oracles rendered " by the prieſts, *hypophets*, or *under-prophets*." It is certain that there were in the temples ſervitors, or ſubaltern miniſters, who for the ſake of gain undertook to explain the Oracles which were obſcure. This cuſtom ſeems very well eſtabliſhed in the *Ion* of *Euripides*; where that young child (after having ſaid that the prieſteſs is ſeated on the tripod, and renders the Oracles which *Apollo* dictates to her) addreſſes himſelf to thoſe who ſerve in the temple, and bids them go and waſh in the *Caſtalian* fountain, to come again into the temple, and explain the Oracles to thoſe who ſhould demand the explication of them. *Homer* therefore means to ſhew, that theſe *Selli* were, in the temple of *Dodona*, thoſe ſubaltern miniſters that interpreted the Oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to agree with the preſent paſſage: for, beſides that the cuſtom was not eſtabliſhed in *Homer*'s time, and that there is no footſtep of it founded in that early age; theſe *Selli* (of whom *Homer* ſpeaks) are not here miniſters ſubordinate to others, they are plainly the chief prieſts. The explication of this word therefore muſt be elſewhere ſought, and I ſhall offer my conjecture, which I ground upon the nature of this Oracle of *Dodona*, which was very different from all the other Oracles. In all other temples the prieſts delivered the Oracles which they had received from their Gods, immediately: but in the temple of *Dodona*, *Jupiter* did not utter his Oracles to his prieſts, but to his *Selli*; he rendered them to the oaks, and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the prieſts, who declared them to thoſe who conſulted them: ſo theſe prieſts were not properly προφῆται, prophets, ſince they did not receive thoſe anſwers from the mouth of their God immediately: but they were but ὑποφῆται, under-prophets, becauſe they received them from the mouth of the oaks, if I may ſay ſo. The oaks, properly ſpeaking, were the prophets, the firſt interpreters of *Jupiter*'s Oracles; and the *Selli* were ὑποφῆται, under-

Tho' ſtill determin'd, to my ſhips confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let *Hector* ſee
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire;
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again!

Great *Jove* conſents to half the chief's requeſt,
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the reſt;
To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;
His ſafe return, the winds diſpers'd in air.
Back to his tent the ſtern *Achilles* flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

prophets, becauſe they pronounced what the oaks had ſaid. Thus *Homer*, in one ſingle word, includes a very curious piece of antiquity. *Dacier.*

℣. 306. *Great* Jove *conſents to half.*] *Virgil* has finely imitated this in his eleventh *Æneid:*

" Audiit, & voti Phœbus ſuccedere partem
" Mente dedit; partem volucres diſperſit in auras.
" Sterneret ut ſubitâ turbatam morte Camillam
" Annuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret
" Non dedit, inque notos vocem vertêre procellæ."

Meanwhile the troops beneath *Patroclus'* care,
Invade the *Trojans*, and commence the war.
As waſps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad high-way,
In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:

ỳ. 314. *As waſps provok'd*, &c.] One may obſerve, that though *Homer* ſometimes takes his ſimilitudes from the meaneſt and ſmalleſt things in nature, yet he orders it ſo as by their appearance to ſignalize and give luſtre to his greateſt heroes. Here he likens a body of *Myrmidons* to a neſt of waſps, not on account of their ſtrength and bravery, but of their heat and reſentment. *Virgil* has imitated theſe humble compariſons, as when he compares the builders of *Carthage* to bees. *Homer* has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the ſoldiers to flies, for their buſy induſtry and perſeverance about a dead body; not diminiſhing his heroes by the ſize of theſe ſmall animals, but raiſing his compariſons from certain properties inherent in them, which deſerve our obſervation. *Euſtathius.*

This brings into my mind a pretty rural ſimile in *Spenſer*, which is very much in the ſimplicity of the old father of poetry:

As gentle ſhepherd in ſweet even-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* 'gins to welke in weſt,
High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their haſty ſupper beſt;
A cloud of cumb'rous gnats do him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infix their feeble ſtings,
That from their noyance he no whit can reſt,
But with his clowniſh hand their tender wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

All riſe in arms, and with a gen'ral cry
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamours, and ſo keen their arms,
Their riſing rage *Patroclus'* breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroick fires.

Oh warriours, part'ners of *Achilles'* praiſe!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your god-like maſter let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your *Achilles* ſees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you ſave.

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he ſpoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
From ſhore to ſhore the doubling ſhouts reſound,
The hollow ſhips return a deeper ſound.
The war ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz'd,
When great *Achilles'* ſhining armour blaz'd:
Troy ſaw, and thought the dread *Achilles* nigh,
At once they ſee, they tremble, and they fly.

Then firſt thy ſpear, divine *Patroclus!* flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.

Cloſe to the ſtern of that fam'd ſhip, which bore
Unbleſt *Proteſilaus* to *Ilion*'s ſhore,
The great *Pæonian*, bold *Pyræchmes*, ſtood;
(Who led his bands from *Axius*' winding flood)
His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound; 344
The groaning warriour pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud *Troy* retires:
Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies: 350
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant *Greece* her reſcu'd decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heav'n's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread:

ỳ. 354. *So when thick clouds*, &c.] All the commentators take this compariſon in a ſenſe different from that in which it is here tranſlated. They ſuppoſe *Jupiter* is here deſcribed cleaving the air with a flaſh of lightening, and ſpreading a gleam of light over a high mountain, which a black cloud held buried in darkneſs. The application is made to *Patroclus* falling on the *Trojans*, and giving reſpite to the *Greeks*, who were plunged in obſcurity. *Euſtathius* gives this interpretation, but at the ſame time acknowledges it improper in this compariſon to repreſent the extinction of the flames by the

Sudden, the Thund'rer with a flaſhing ray, 356
Burſts thro' the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts ſtrike the eyes;

darting of lightening. This explanation is ſolely founded on the expreſſion κερανηϊφέτα Ζεὺς, *fulgurator Jupiter*, which epithet is often applied when no ſuch action is ſuppoſed. The moſt obvious ſignification of the words in this paſſage, gives a more natural and agreeable image, and admits of a juſter application. The ſimile ſeems to be of *Jupiter* diſperſing a black cloud which had covered a high mountain, whereby a beautiful proſpect, which was before hid in darkneſs, ſuddenly appears. This is applicable to the preſent ſtate of the *Greeks*, after *Patroclus* had extinguiſhed the flames, which began to ſpread clouds of ſmoke over the fleet. It is *Homer*'s deſign in his compariſons to apply them to the moſt obvious and ſenſible image of the thing to be illuſtrated; which his commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical refinements; and thus injure the Poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, than by refuſing him what is really his own:

It is much the ſame image with that of *Milton* in his ſecond book, though applied in a very different way.

As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heav'n's chearful face; the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landſkip ſnow or ſhow'r;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewell ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, the bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.

The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd *Æther* flames with light.
But *Troy* repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains;
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now ev'ry *Greek* ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
But ſtill the foremoſt, bold *Patroclus* flew;
As *Areïlycus* had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next *Thoas* was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the *Spartan* lance.
Phylides' dart (as *Amphiclus* drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs, and in death, the warriour lay.
In equal arms two ſons of *Neſtor* ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the *Lycian* band:
By great *Antilochus*, *Atymnius* dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind *Maris*, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſe on the ground.

Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage:
But god-like *Thraſimed* prevents his rage,
Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er;
And vents his ſoul, effus'd with guſhing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, *Amiſodarus*' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd *Chimæra* bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty Sire.

Stopp'd in the tumult *Cleobulus* lies,
Beneath *Oïleus*' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the *Trojan* ſtood;
The thirſty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.

ỳ. 390. Amiſodarus, *who*, &c.] *Amiſodarus* was King of *Caria*; *Bellerophon* married his daughter. The ancients gueſſed from this paſſage that the *Chimæra* was not a fiction, ſince *Homer* marks the time wherein ſhe lived, and the Prince with whom ſhe lived; they thought it was ſome beaſt of that Prince's herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of miſchief, like the *Calydonian* boar. *Euſtathius.*

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce *Peneleus* came;
In vain their jav'lins at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his *Bœotian* foe,
The daring *Lycon* aim'd a noble blow;
The ſword broke ſhort; but his, *Peneleus* ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.
O'ertaken *Neamas* by *Merion* bleeds,
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.
Next *Erymas* was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the *Cretan* ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.

As when the flocks neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the *Greeks* impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at *Hector* god-like *Ajax* aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breaſt, his jav'lin flam'd;
The *Trojan* chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the *Grecians* pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhow'r.
He ſees for *Greece* the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of *Jove* a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with ſtorms,

℣. 433. *Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.*] *Homer* repreſents *Hector*, as he retires, making a ſtand from time to time, to ſave his troops: and he expreſſes it by this ſingle word ἀνέμιμνε, for ἀναμίμνει does not only ſignify to *ſtay*, but likewiſe in retiring to ſtop from time to time; for this is the power of the preposition ἀνὰ, as in the word ἀναμάχεσθαι, which ſignifies to *fight by fits and ſtarts*; ἀναπαλαίειν, to *wreſtle ſeveral times*, and in many others. *Euſtathius.*

Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies:
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire *Flight* and *Terrour* drove the *Trojan* train.
Ev'n *Hector* fled; thro' heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their Lord away:
While far behind his *Trojans* fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd:
Chariots on chariots roll; the claſhing ſpokes
Shock; while the madding ſteeds break ſhort their yokes:
In vain they labour up the ſteepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with ſhouts, *Patroclus* flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and ſkies;
Thick drifts of duſt involve their rapid flight;
Clouds riſe on clouds, and heav'n is ſnatch'd from ſight.
Th' affrighted ſteeds, their dying Lords caſt down,
Scour o'er the fields, and ſtretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt die,

Where horſe and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No ſtop, no check the ſteeds of *Peleus* knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew,
High-bounding o'er the foſſe: the whirling car
Smokes thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after *Hector*; *Hector* flies,
Patroclus ſhakes his lance; but fate denies.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs impetuous force,
The tide of *Trojans* urge their deſp'rate courſe,
Than when in Autumn *Jove* his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhow'rs,

℣. 459. *From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew*, &c.] *Homer* had made of *Hector*'s horſes all that poetry could make of common and mortal horſes; they ſtand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madneſs that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horſes of *Achilles* find no obſtacle; they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 466. *Than when in Autumn* Jove *his fury pours* ——
—— *When guilty mortals*, &c.]

The Poet in this image of an inundation, takes occaſion to mention a ſentiment of great piety, that ſuch calamities were the effects of divine juſtice puniſhing the ſins of mankind. This might probably refer to the tradition of an univerſal deluge, which was very common among the ancient heathen writers; moſt of them aſcribing the cauſe of this deluge to the wrath of heaven provoked by the wickedneſs of men. *Diodorus Siculus, lib.* xv. *cap.* 5. ſpeaking of an earthquake

(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers riſe,
And opens all the flood-gates of the ſkies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains ſwept away;

and inundation, which deſtroyed a great part of *Greece*, in the hundred and firſt *Olympiad*, has theſe words. *There was a great diſpute concerning the cauſe of this calamity: the natural philoſophers generally aſcribed ſuch events to neceſſary cauſes, not to any divine hand: but they who had more devout ſentiments, gave a more probable account hereof; aſſerting, that it was the divine vengeance alone that brought this deſtruction upon men who had offended the Gods with their impiety.* And then proceeds to give an account of thoſe crimes which drew down this puniſhment upon them.

This is one, among a thouſand inſtances, of *Homer*'s indirect and oblique manner of introducing moral ſentences and inſtructions. Theſe agreeably break in upon his reader even in deſcriptions and poetical parts, where one naturally expects only painting and amuſement. We have virtue put upon us by ſurpriſe, and are pleaſed to find a thing where we ſhould never have looked to meet with it. I muſt do a noble *Engliſh* poet the juſtice to obſerve, that it is this particular art that is the very diſtinguiſhing excellence of *Cooper's-Hill*; throughout which, the deſcriptions of places, and images raiſed by the Poet, are ſtill tending to ſome hint, or leading into ſome reflection, upon moral life or political inſtitution: much in the ſame manner as the real ſight of ſuch ſcenes and proſpects is apt to give the mind a compoſed turn, and incline it to thoughts and contemplations that have a relation to the object.

Loud roars the deluge 'till it meets the main;
And trembling man ſees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremoſt troops repell'd)
Back to the ſhips his deſtin'd progreſs held,
Bore down half *Troy* in his reſiſtleſs way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to ſtand the day.
Between the ſpace where ſilver *Simois* flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe,
All grim in duſt and blood, *Patroclus* ſtands,
And turns the ſlaughter on the conqu'ring bands.
Firſt *Pronoüs* dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the ſhield his valiant heart.
Theſtor was next; who ſaw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he ſat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor ſtood to combat, nor had force to fly;

℣. 480. *Between the ſpace where ſilver* Simois *flows,*
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires roſe.]

It looks at firſt ſight as if *Patroclus* was very punctual in obeying the orders of *Achilles*, when he hinders the *Trojans* from aſcending to their town, and holds an engagement with them between the ſhips, the river, and the wall. But he ſeems afterwards through very haſte to have ſlipped his commands, for his orders were that he ſhould drive them from the ſhips, and then preſently return; but he proceeds farther, and his death is the conſequence. *Euſtathius.*

Patroclus mark'd him as he ſhunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings ſhook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The jav'lin ſticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, ſtudious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fiſh draws panting to the ſhore;
Not with leſs eaſe the barbed jav'lin bore
The gaping daſtard: as the ſpear was ſhook,
He fell, and life his heartleſs breaſt forſook.
Next on *Eryalus* he flies; a ſtone
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
And burſt the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathleſs warriour fell,
And death involv'd him with the ſhades of hell.
Then low in duſt *Epaltes*, *Echius* lie;
Ipheas, *Evippus*, *Polymelus*, die;
Amphoterus, and *Erymas* ſucceed;
And laſt *Tlepolemus* and *Pyres* bleed.

Where'er he moves, the growing ſlaughters ſpread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead. 511
When now *Sarpedon* his brave friends beheld
Grov'ling in duſt, and gaſping on the field,

℣. 512. *When now* Sarpedon, *&c.*] The Poet preparing to recount the death of *Sarpedon*, it will not be improper to give a ſketch of ſome particulars which conſtitute a character the moſt faultleſs and amiable in the whole *Iliad*. This hero is by birth ſuperiour to all the chiefs of either ſide, being the only ſon of *Jupiter* engaged in this war. His qualities are no way unworthy his deſcent, ſince he every where appears equal in valour, prudence, and eloquence, to the moſt admired heroes: nor are theſe excellencies blemiſhed with any of thoſe defects with which the moſt diſtinguiſhing characters of the Poem are ſtained. So that the niceſt criticks cannot find any thing to offend their delicacy, but muſt be obliged to own the manners of this hero perfect. His valour is neither raſh nor boiſterous; his prudence neither timorous nor tricking; and his eloquence neither talkative nor boaſting. He never reproaches the living, or inſults the dead: but appears uniform through his conduct in the war, acted with the ſame generous ſentiments that engaged him in it, having no intereſt in the quarrel but to ſuccour his allies in diſtreſs. This noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his laſt moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his friends, and the event of the day.

Homer juſtly repreſents ſuch a character to be attended with univerſal eſteem: as he was greatly honoured when living, he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief prop of *Troy*. The Poet by his death, even before that of *Hector*, prepares us to expect the deſtruction of that town, when its two great defenders are no more: and in order to make it the more ſignal and remarkable, it is the only death of the *Iliad* attended with prodigies: even his funeral is performed by divine

With this reproach his flying hoſt he warms,
Oh ſtain to honour! oh diſgrace to arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, ſhall the war ſuſtain:
The taſk be mine, this hero's ſtrength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He ſpake; and ſpeaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and ſternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with reſounding pinions to the fight;

aſſiſtance, he being the only hero whoſe body is carried back to be interred in his native country, and honoured with monuments erected to his fame. Theſe peculiar and diſtinguiſhing honours ſeem appropriated by our Author to him alone, as the reward of a merit ſuperiour to all his other leſs perfect heroes.

ỳ. 522. *As when two vultures.*] *Homer* compares *Patroclus* and *Sarpedon* to two vultures, becauſe they appeared to be of equal ſtrength and abilities, when they had diſmounted from their chariots. For this reaſon he has choſen to compare them to birds of the ſame kind; as on another occaſion, to image the like equality of ſtrength, he reſembles both *Hector* and *Patroclus* to lions; but a little after this place, diminiſhing the force of *Sarpedon*, he compares him to a bull, and *Patroclus* to a lion. He has placed theſe vultures upon a high rock, becauſe it is their nature to perch there, rather than on the boughs of trees. Their crooked talons make them unfit to walk on the ground, they could not fight ſteadily in the air, and therefore their fitteſt place is the rock. *Euſtathius.*

They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming cry:
The deſert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriours thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat; whoſe event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen.
The hour draws on; the deſtinies ordain,
My god-like ſon ſhall preſs the *Phrygian* plain:
Already on the verge of death he ſtands,
His life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus'* hands.
What paſſions in a parent's breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate,

℣. 535. *Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending fate.*] It appears by this paſſage, that *Homer* was of opinion, that the power of God could over-rule fate or deſtiny. It has puzzled many to diſtinguiſh exactly the notion of the heathens as to this point. Mr. *Dryden* contends that *Jupiter* was limited by the deſtinies, or (to uſe his expreſſion) was no better than book-keeper to them. He grounds it upon a paſſage in the tenth book of *Virgil*, where *Jupiter* mentions this inſtance of *Sarpedon* as a proof of his yielding to the fates. But both that, and his citation from *Ovid*, amounts to no more than that *Jupiter* gave way to deſtiny; not that he could not prevent it; the contrary to which is plain from his doubt and deliberation in this place. And indeed whatever may be inferred of other poets, *Homer's* opinion at leaſt, as to the diſpenſations of God to man, has ever ſeemed to me very clear, and diſtinctly agreeable to truth. We ſhall find, if we

And ſend him ſafe to *Lycia*, diſtant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my braveſt offspring yield,
And fatten with celeſtial blood, the field?
Then thus the goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
What words are theſe? O ſov'reign of the ſkies!

examine his whole works with an eye to this doctrine, that he aſſigns three cauſes of all the good and evil that happens in this world, which he takes a particular care to diſtinguiſh. Firſt the *will of God*, ſuperiour to all.

——— Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή. *Il.* i.
——— Θεὸς διὰ πάντα τελευτᾷ. *Il.* xix. ỳ. 90.
Ζεὺς ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε δίδοι, — &c.

Secondly *deſtiny* or *fate*, meaning the laws and order of nature affecting the conſtitutions of men, and diſpoſing them to good or evil, proſperity or misfortune; which the Supreme Being, if it be his pleaſure, may over-rule (as he is inclined to do in this place) but which he generally ſuffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own *free will*, which either by prudence overcomes thoſe natural influences and paſſions, or by folly ſuffers us to fall under them. *Odyſſ.* i. ỳ. 32.

Ὢ πόποι, οἷον δή νυ Θεοὺς βροτοὶ ἀπιόωνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γὰρ φασι κάκ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.

Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
And call their woes the crime of providence?
Blind! who themſelves their miſeries create,
And periſh by their folly, not their fate.

Short is the date preſcrib'd to mortal man;
Shall *Jove*, for one, extend the narrow ſpan,
Whoſe bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many ſons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud *Ilion*, muſt reſign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would riſe above,
And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial *Jove*.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' aſcending ſoul has wing'd her flight,
Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy command,
The breathleſs body to his native land.

℣. 551. *Let* Sleep *and* Death *convey, by thy command,*
The breathleſs body to his native land.]

The hiſtory or fable received in *Homer*'s time, imported, that *Sarpedon* was interred in *Lycia*, but it ſaid nothing of his death. This gave the Poet the liberty of making him die at *Troy*, provided that after his death he was carried into *Lycia*, to preſerve the fable. The expedient propoſed by *Juno* ſolves all; *Sarpedon* dies at *Troy*, and is interred at *Lycia*; and what renders this probable is, that in thoſe times, as at this day, Princes and perſons of quality who died in foreign parts were carried into their own country to be laid in the tomb with their fathers. The antiquity of this cuſtom cannot be doubted, ſince it was practiſed in the Patriarchs times: *Jacob* dying in *Ægypt*, orders his children to carry him into the land of *Canaan*, where he deſired to be buried. *Gen.* xlix. 29. *Dacier*.

His friends and people, to his future praiſe,
A marble tomb and pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting honours to his aſhes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) ſhall live.
She ſaid; the cloud-compeller overcome,
Aſſents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns diſtill'd
A ſhow'r of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The God, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his ſon, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the *Lycian* ſhores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the ſhield, and pois'd the lifted ſpear:

ỳ. 560. *A ſhow'r of blood.*] As to ſhowers of a bloody colour, many both ancient and modern naturaliſts agree in aſſerting the reality of ſuch appearances, though they account for them differently. You may ſee a very odd ſolution of them in *Euſtathius*, Note on ỳ. 53, correſponding to ỳ. 70, in the tranſlation of the eleventh *Iliad*. What ſeems the moſt probable, is that of *Fromondus* in his *Meteorology*, who obſerved, that a ſhower of this kind, which gave great cauſe of wonder, was nothing but a quantity of very ſmall red inſects, beat down to the earth by a heavy ſhower, whereby the ground was ſpotted in ſeveral places, as with drops of blood.

From ſtrong *Patroclus'* hand the jav'lin fled,
And paſs'd the groin of valiant *Thraſymed*;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two ſounding darts the *Lycian* leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring fury flew,
The next tranſpierc'd *Achilles'* mortal ſteed,
The gen'rous *Pedaſus* of *Theban* breed,
Fix'd in the ſhoulder's joint; he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlipp'ry ground.
His ſudden fall th' entangled harneſs broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot ſhook:
When bold *Automedon* to diſengage
The ſtarting courſers, and reſtrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his ſword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed:

℣. 572. —— Achilles' *mortal ſteed,*
The gen'rous Pedaſus ——.]

For the other two horſes of *Achilles*, *Xanthus* and *Balius*, were immortal, as we have already ſeen in this book. It is a merry conceit of *Euſtathius*, that *Pedaſus* is only ſaid to be mortal, becauſe of three horſes he only was a gelding. It is pity poor *Pedaſus* had not a better fate to have recompenſed the loſs of his immortality.

The reſt move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls ſlowly o'er the duſty plain.
The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And firſt *Sarpedon* whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warriour's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its dying force.
Not ſo *Patroclus'* never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the ſtrong fibres bind the ſolid heart.
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit maſt for ſome great admiral)
Nods to the ax, 'till with a groaning ſound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the King; and laid on earth ſupine,
Before his chariot ſtretch'd his form divine:
He graſp'd the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And pale in death, lay groaning on the ſhore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro'
the wood.

Then to the leader of the *Lycian* band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command.
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious dangers of deſtructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon*'s death.
What grief, what ſhame muſt *Glaucus* undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a *Grecian* foe?
Then as a friend, and as a warriour, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;

℣. 605. *Glaucus, be bold*, &c.] This dying ſpeech of *Sarpedon* deſerves particular notice, being made up of noble ſentiments, and fully anſwering the character of this brave and generous Prince, which he preſerves in his laſt moments. Being ſenſible of approaching death, without any tranſports of rage, or deſire of revenge, he calls to his friend to take care to preſerve his body and arms from becoming a prey to the enemy: and this he ſays without any regard to himſelf, but out of the moſt tender concern for his friend's reputation, who muſt for ever become infamous, if he fails in this point of honour and duty. If we conceive this ſaid by the expiring hero, his dying looks fixed on his wounded diſconſolate friend, the ſpear remaining in his body, and the victor ſtanding by in a kind of extaſy ſurveying his conqueſt; theſe circumſtances will form a very moving picture. *Patroclus* all this time, either out of humanity or ſurpriſe, omits to pull out the ſpear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his vitals, puts a period to this gallant life.

That taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the fates ſuppreſs'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſu'd in the purple flood.
His flying ſteeds the *Myrmidons* detain,
Unguided now, their mighty maſter ſlain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy *Glaucus* heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet uſeleſs with the ſmart
Inflicted late by *Teucer*'s deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he ſtay'd;
To *Phœbus* then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.
All-ſeeing Monarch! whether *Lycia*'s coaſt,
Or ſacred *Ilion*, thy bright preſence boaſt,

Pow'rful alike to eaſe the wretch's ſmart;
Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein;
I ſtand unable to ſuſtain the ſpear,
And ſigh, at diſtance from the glorious war.
Low in the duſt is great *Sarpedon* laid,
Nor *Jove* vouchſaf'd his hapleſs offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy ſuccour lend,
To guard the reliques of my ſlaughter'd friend.
For thou, tho' diſtant, canſt reſtore my might,
To head my *Lycians*, and ſupport the fight.
Apollo heard; and ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heav'nly hand reſtrain'd the flux of blood:

℣. 637. — — — — *Pierc'd with pain,*
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein.]

There ſeems to be an overſight in this place. *Glaucus* in the twelfth book had been wounded with an arrow by *Teucer* at the attack of the wall; and here ſo long after, we find him ſtill on the field, *in the ſharpeſt anguiſh of his wound, the blood not being yet ſtanched*, &c. In the ſpeech that next follows to *Hector*, there is alſo ſomething liable to cenſure, when he imputes to the negligence of the *Trojans* the death of *Sarpedon*, of which they knew nothing till that very ſpeech informed them. I beg leave to paſs over theſe things without expoſing or defending them; though ſuch as theſe may be ſufficient grounds for a moſt inveterate war among the criticks.

He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a ſpirit in his riſing heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero ſtands,
And owns th' aſſiſtance of immortal hands.
Firſt to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on *Troy*'s vindictive arms;
With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place;
Now fires *Agenor*, now *Polydamas*;
Æneas next, and *Hector* he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts.
What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of *Troy!*
Thoſe gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls out in another's war.
See! where in duſt the great *Sarpedon* lies,
In action valiant, and in council wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his *Lycians* loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by *Patroclus*' arm on yonder plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:

Ah let not *Greece* his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his corſe revenge her heroes loſt.
He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loſs, thro' all her legions ſhook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to *Troy*'s beleaguer'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and out-ſhin'd them all.
Fir'd they ruſh on; firſt *Hector* ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperiour vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce *Patroclus* ſtands,
And rouſing *Ajax*, rous'd the liſt'ning bands.
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body *Troy* in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his arms, the ſlaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living *Lycians* to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial ſquadrons cloſe on either hand:
Here *Troy* and *Lycia* charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and *Greece*, oppoſe their arms.
With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great *Jove*, to ſwell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night,
And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
His fate ennobling with a croud of ghoſts.

Now *Greece* gives way, and great *Epigeus* falls;
Agacleus' ſon, from *Budium*'s lofty walls:
Who chas'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To *Peleus*, and the ſilver-footed dame;
Now ſent to *Troy*, *Achilles'* arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinſman's ſhade.

℣. 695. *Great* Jove —— *O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night.*] *Homer* calls here by the name of Night, the whirlwinds of thick duſt which riſe from beneath the feet of the combatants, and which hinder them from knowing one another. Thus poetry knows how to convert the moſt natural things into miracles; theſe two armies are buried in duſt round *Sarpedon*'s body; it is *Jupiter* who pours upon them an obſcure night, to make the battle bloodier, and to honour the funeral of his ſon by a greater number of victims. *Euſtathius*.

Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by *Hectorean* force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.

Fierce to the van of fight *Patroclus* came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh gen'rous *Greek!* when with full vigour thrown
At *Sthenelaüs* flew the weighty ſtone,
Which ſunk him to the dead: when *Troy*, too near
That arm, drew back; and *Hector* learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the liſts, or at the fighting foe;
So far the *Trojans* from their lines retir'd;
'Till *Glaucus* turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.
Then *Bathyclæus* fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of *Chalcon*'s trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domain,
With ſtately ſeats, and riches, bleſt in vain:

Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying *Lycians*, *Glaucus* met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd thro' the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' *Achaians* ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conqu'ring ſhouts the *Trojans* ſhake the plain,
And croud to ſpoil the dead: the *Greeks* oppoſe;
An iron circle round the carcaſe grows.
Then brave *Laogonus* reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by *Merion* to the ſhades of death:
On *Ida*'s holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of *Jove*, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſu'd at the vent.
His ſpear *Æneas* at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the death with-drew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his cov'ring ſhield,
And trembling ſtruck, and rooted in the field;
There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great *Æneas*' arm in vain.

Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,
My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the *Dardan* hoſt!
(Inſulted *Merion* thus retorts the boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts; Succeſs is ſtill from heav'n:
This, inſtant, ſends thee down to *Pluto*'s coaſt;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.
O friend (*Menœtius*' ſon this anſwer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boaſts the ſons of *Troy* repell,
Your ſwords muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council; but to dare
In glorious action, is the taſk of war.

℣. 746. *And ſkill'd in dancing.*] This ſtroke of raillery upon *Merione* is founded on the cuſtom of his country. For the *Cretans* were peculiarly addicted to this exerciſe, and in particular are ſaid to have invented the *Pyrrhic* dance, which was performed in complete armour. See Note on ℣. 797, in the thirteenth book.

This ſaid, *Patroclus* to the battle flies;
Great *Merion* follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriours cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the ſtorm of blows.
As thro' the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's ax reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on ev'ry ſide.
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriours, and ſo rung their arms.

Now great *Sarpedon* on the ſandy ſhore,
His heav'nly form defac'd with duſt and gore,
And ſtuck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed corſe the chiefs incloſe,
On ev'ry ſide the buſy combat grows;
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood,)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day.

Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of *Hector* to *Patroclus'* fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horrour of the fight.
To crown *Achilles'* valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended, ſee the ſhades below.
Then *Hector's* mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with *Troy's* heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of *Jove*, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy *Lycians* fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall.
(So *Jove* decreed!) At length the *Greeks* obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.

The radiant arms are by *Patroclus* borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
Then thus to *Phœbus*, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling *Jove*.
Deſcend, my *Phœbus!* on the *Phrygian* plain,
And from the fight convey *Sarpedon* ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the cryſtal flood;
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs ambroſial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.
Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent *Sleep* and *Death*.
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount *Ida's* height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to ſilver *Simoïs'* ſhore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;

And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two Twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,

℣. 831. *Then Sleep and Death*, &c.] It is the notion of *Euſtathius*, that by this interment of *Sarpedon*, where *Sleep* and *Death* are concerned, *Homer* ſeems to intimate, that there was nothing elſe but an empty monument of that hero in *Lycia*; for he delivers him not to any real or ſolid perſons, but to certain unſubſtantial phantoms to conduct his body thither. He was forced (continues my author) to make uſe of theſe machines, ſince there were no other deities he could with any likelihood employ about this work; for the ancients (as appears from *Euripides*'s *Hippolytus*) had a ſuperſtition that all dead bodies were offenſive to the Gods, they being of a nature celeſtial and uncorruptible. But this laſt remark is impertinent, ſince we ſee in this very place *Apollo* is employed in adorning and embalming the body of *Sarpedon*.

What I think better accounts for the paſſage, is what *Philoſtratus in Heroicis* affirms, that this alludes to a piece of antiquity. "The *Lycians* ſhewed the body of *Sarpedon*, ſtrewed "over with aromatical ſpices, in ſuch a graceful compoſure, "that he ſeemed to be only aſleep: and it was this that gave "riſe to the fiction of *Homer*, that his rites were performed "by *Sleep* and *Death*."

But after all theſe refined obſervations, it is probable the Poet intended only to repreſent the death of this favourite ſon of *Jupiter*, and one of his amiable characters, in a gentle and agreeable view, without any circumſtances of dread or horrour; intimating by this fiction, that he was delivered out of all the tumults and miſeries of life by two imaginary Deities, *Sleep* and *Death*, who alone can give mankind eaſe and exemption from their misfortunes.

Receiv'd *Sarpedon*, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the *Lycian* land;
The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.

Meanwhile *Patroclus* pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what fate and pow'rful *Jove* ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he, the God, whoſe counſels uncontroll'd,
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold:
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance preſs'd the plain;

℣. 847. *Who firſt, brave hero*, &c.] The Poet in a very moving and ſolemn way turns his diſcourſe to *Patroclus*. He does not accoſt his muſe, as it is uſual with him to do, but enquires of the hero himſelf who was the firſt, and who the laſt, who fell by his hand? This addreſs diſtinguiſhes and ſignalizes *Patroclus*, (to whom *Homer* uſes it more frequently, than I remember on any other occaſion) as if he was ſome genius or divine being, and at the ſame time it is very patheti-

When heav'n itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; *Autonous* then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young *Megas* bleeds;
Epiſtor, *Menalippus*, bite the ground;
The ſlaughter, *Elaſus* and *Mulius* crown'd:
Then ſunk *Pylartes* to eternal night;
The reſt diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now *Troy* had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs pow'r,
But flaming *Phœbus* kept the ſacred tow'r.
Thrice at the battlements *Patroclus* ſtrook,
His blazing *Ægis* thrice *Apollo* ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when, burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.
Patroclus! ceaſe; this heav'n-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand,
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to *Achilles'* hand.

cal, and apt to move our compaſſion. The ſame kind of apoſtrophe is uſed by *Virgil* to *Camilla*;

"Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum, aſpera virgo
"Dejicis? Aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?"

So ſpoke the God, who darts celeſtial fires;
The *Greek* obeys him, and with awe retires:
While *Hector* checking at the *Scæan* gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of *Troy*.
Thus while he thought, beſide him *Phœbus* ſtood,
In *Aſius'* ſhape, who reign'd by *Sangar's* flood;
(Thy brother, *Hecuba!* from *Dymas* ſprung,
A valiant warriour, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him. What a ſhameful ſight!
Gods! is it *Hector* that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in *Patroclus'* blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps *Apollo* ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids *Cebrion* drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war.

The God the *Grecians* ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits thro' each *Trojan* breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
The falling ruin cruſh'd *Cebrion*'s head,
The lawleſs offspring of King *Priam*'s bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good heav'ns! what active feats yon' artiſt ſhows?
What ſkilful divers are our *Phrygian* foes!

℣. 904. *What ſkilful divers*, &c.] The original is literally thus: *It is pity he is not nearer the ſea, he would furniſh good quantities of excellent oyſters, and the ſtorms would not frighten him; ſee how he exerciſes and plunges from the top of his chariot into the plain! Who would think that there were ſuch good divers at* Troy? This ſeems to be a little too long; and if this paſſage be really *Homer*'s, I could almoſt ſwear that he intended to let us know, that a good ſoldier may be an indifferent jeſter.

Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand! 905
Pity! that all their practice is by land.

But I very much doubt whether this paſſage be his: it is very likely theſe five laſt verſes were added by ſome of the ancient criticks, whoſe caprices *Homer* has frequently undergone: or perhaps ſome of the rhapſodiſts, who in reciting his verſes, made additions of their own to pleaſe their auditors. And what perſuades me of its being ſo, is, that it is by no means probable that *Patroclus*, who had lately blamed *Meriones* for his little raillery againſt *Æneas*, and told him, "that it was "not by raillery or invective that they were to repel the *Tro-* "*jans*, but by dint of blows; that Council required words, "but War deeds:" it is by no means probable, I ſay, that the ſame *Patroclus* ſhould forget that excellent precept, and amuſe himſelf with raillery, eſpecially in the ſight of *Hector*. I am therefore of opinion that *Patroclus* ſaid no more than this verſe, Ω πόποι, &c. *Good Gods! what an active* Trojan *it is, and how cleverly he dives*; and that the five following are ſtrangers, though very ancient. *Dacier*.

I muſt juſt take notice, that however mean or ill-placed theſe railleries may appear, there have not been wanting ſuch fond lovers of *Homer* as have admired and imitated them. *Milton* himſelf is of this number, as may be ſeen from thoſe very low jeſts, which he has put into the mouth of *Satan* and his angels in the ſixth book. What *Æneas* ſays to *Meriones* upon his dancing, is nothing ſo trivial as thoſe lines; where after the diſploſion of their diabolical enginry, angel rolling on archangel, they are thus derided:

— — — When we propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace — &c.

Then ruſhing ſudden on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce *Patroclus* flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierç'd thro' the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold *Hector* leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow thro' the ſhades.
Stern *Hector* faſtens on the warriour's head,
And by the foot *Patroclus* drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;

— — — Terms that amus'd 'em all,
And ſtumbled many; who receives them right
Had need from head to foot well underſtand:
Not underſtood this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.

Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the *Silvans* groan;
This way and that, the ratt'ling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhow'r'd on darts, now round the carcaſe ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now flaming from the *Zenith*, *Sol* had driv'n
His fervid orb thro' half the vault of heav'n;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhow'ring darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the *Grecian* train.
Then from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.

Then raſh *Patroclus* with new fury glows,
And breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs like *Mars* himſelf he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!
For lo! the God in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtagg'ring blow behind.
The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore;
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before;

℣. 952. Apollo *dreadful*, &c.] If *Homer* is reſolved to do any thing extraordinary, or arbitrary, which his readers may not very well reliſh, he takes care however to prepare them by degrees for receiving ſuch innovations. He had before given us a ſketch of this trick of the God in the thirteenth book, where *Neptune* ſerves *Alcathoüs* much in the ſame manner. *Apollo* here carries it a little farther; and both theſe are ſpecimens of what we are to expect from *Minerva* at the death of *Hector* in *Il.* xxii.

Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on *Hector*'s helm to nod;
Not long — for fate purſues him, and the God.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick ſtrows the field:
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint; each nerve with horrour ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A *Dardan* youth there was, well known to fame,
From *Panthus* ſprung, *Euphorbus* was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe:
Full twenty Knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His vent'rous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor tho' diſarm'd, *Patroclus*' fury ſtood:
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the croud.

Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once; *Patroclus* yields to fear,
Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.
Stern *Hector*, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all *Greece* was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſert ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſov'reign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at *Hector*'s feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries:

Lie there, *Patroclus!* and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting *Troy*;
The fancy'd ſcenes of *Ilion* wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, thoſe tow'rs to free;
And guard that beauteous race from Lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own *Achilles* cannot lend thee aid;
Tho' much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he ſaid)
"Without the bloody arms of *Hector* dead."
He ſpoke, *Patroclus* march'd, and thus he ſped.

Supine, and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.

†. 1003. *Lie there,* Patroclus! *&c.*] There is much ſpirit in this ſarcaſm of *Hector* upon *Patroclus:* nor is *Achilles* exempt from the ſeverity of the reflection, who (as he imagines) had perſuaded his deareſt friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him alſo, for ſtaying at home in ſecurity himſelf, and encouraging *Patroclus* to undertake this perilous adventure, and to ſeek after ſpoils which he was never like to enjoy. *Euſtathius.*

Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the pow'rs divine;
Jove's and *Apollo*'s is this deed, not thine;
To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heav'n itſelf diſarm'd me e'er my fall.
Had twenty mortals each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By fate and *Phœbus* was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The Gods inſpire it, and it founds thy death.

℣. 1026. — — *Hear my lateſt breath,*
The Gods inſpire it ——]

It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the ſoul is on the point of being delivered from the body, and makes a nearer approach to the divine nature; at ſuch a time its views are ſtronger and clearer, and the mind endowed with a ſpirit of true prediction. So *Artemon* of *Miletum* ſays in his book of dreams, that when the ſoul hath collected all its powers from every limb and part of the body, and is juſt ready to be ſevered from it, at that time it becomes prophetical. *Socrates* alſo in his defence to the *Athenians*, "I am now arrived at the verge "of life, wherein it is familiar with people to foretel what "will come to paſs." *Euſtathius.*

This opinion ſeems alluded to in thoſe admirable lines of *Waller*:

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by *Achilles'* hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)

ỳ. 1032. *The death of* Patroclus.] I ſometimes think I am in reſpect to *Homer* much like *Sancho Panca* with regard to *Don Quixote*. I believe upon the whole that no mortal ever came near him for wiſdom, learning, and all good qualities. But ſometimes there are certain ſtarts which I cannot tell what to make of, and am forced to own that my maſter is a little out of the way, if not quite beſide himſelf. The preſent paſſage of the death of *Patroclus*, attended with ſo many odd circumſtances to overthrow this hero, (who might, for all I can ſee, as decently have fallen by the force of *Hector*) are what I am at a loſs to excuſe, and muſt indeed (in my own opinion) give them up to the criticks. I really think almoſt all thoſe parts of *Homer* which have been objected againſt with moſt clamour and fury, are honeſtly defenſible, and none of them (to confeſs my private ſentiment) ſeem to me to be faults of any conſideration, except this conduct in the death of *Patroclus*, the length of *Neſtor*'s diſcourſe in *lib.* xi. the ſpeech of *Achilles*'s horſe in the nineteenth, the converſation of that hero with *Æneas* in *lib.* xx. and the manner of *Hector*'s flight round the walls of *Troy*, *lib.* xxii. I hope, after ſo free a confeſſion, no reaſonable modern will think me touched with the Ὁμηρομανία of Madam *Dacier* and others. I am ſenſible of the extremes which mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating authors: we are not more violent and unreaſonable in attacking thoſe who are not yet eſtabliſhed in fame,

Flits to the loan, uncomfortable coaſt;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt! 1035

than in defending thoſe who are, even in every minute trifle. Fame is a debt, which when we have kept from people as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious intereſt, which amounts to twice the value of the principal. Thus it is with ancient works as with ancient coins, they paſs for a vaſt deal more than they were worth at firſt; and the very obſcurities and deformities which time has thrown upon them, are the ſacred ruſt, which enhances their value with all true lovers of antiquity.

But as I have owned what ſeem my author's faults, and ſubſcribed to the opinion of *Horace*, that *Homer* ſometimes nods; I think I ought to add that of *Longinus* as to ſuch negligences. I can no way ſo well conclude the notes to this book as with the tranſlation of it.

"It may not be improper to diſcuſs the queſtion in gene-
"ral, which of the two is the more eſtimable, a faulty ſub-
"lime, or a faultleſs mediocrity? And conſequently, if of
"two works, one has the greater number of beauties, and
"the other attains directly to the ſublime, which of theſe
"ſhall in equity carry the prize? I am really perſuaded that
"the true ſublime is incapable of that purity which we find
"in compoſitions of a lower ſtrain, and in effect that too
"much accuracy ſinks the ſpirit of an author; whereas the
"caſe is generally the ſame with the favourites of nature,
"and thoſe of fortune, who with the beſt œconomy cannot,
"in the great abundance they are bleſt with, attend to the
"minuter articles of their expence. Writers of a cool ima-
"gination are cautious in their management, and venture
"nothing, merely to gain the character of being correct;
"but the ſublime is bold and enterpriſing, notwithſtanding
"that on every advance the danger encreaſeth. Here pro-
"bably ſome will ſay that men take a malicious ſatisfaction
"in expoſing the blemiſhes of an author; that his errors

Then *Hector* pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcaſe, thus addreſs'd the dead.

" are never forgot, while the moſt exquiſite beauties leave
" but very imperfect traces on the memory. To obviate this
" objection, I will ſolemnly declare, that in my criticiſms
" on *Homer* and other authors, who are univerſally allowed
" to be authentick ſtandards of the ſublime, though I have
" cenſured their failings with as much freedom as any one,
" yet I have not preſumed to accuſe them of voluntary faults,
" but have gently remarked ſome little defects and negligences,
" which the mind being intent on nobler Ideas, did not con-
" deſcend to regard. And on theſe principles I will venture
" to lay it down for a maxim, that the ſublime (purely on
" account of its grandeur) is preferable to all other kinds of
" ſtyle, however it may fall into ſome inequalities. The *Ar-*
" *gonauticks* of *Apollonius* are faultleſs in their kind; and *Theo-*
" *critus* hath ſhewn the happieſt vein imaginable for paſto-
" rals, excepting thoſe in which he has deviated from the
" country: and yet if it were put to your choice, would you have
" your name deſcend to poſterity with the reputation of either
" of thoſe poets, rather than with that of *Homer?* Nothing
" can be more correct than the *Erigone* of *Eratoſthenes:* but
" is he therefore a greater poet than *Archilochus*, in whoſe
" compoſures perſpicuity and order are often wanting; the
" divine fury of his genius being too impatient for reſtraint,
" and ſuperiour to law? Again, do you prefer the odes of
" *Bacchilides* to *Pindar*'s, or the ſcenes of *Ion* of *Chios* to thoſe
" of *Sophocles?* Their writings are allowed to be correct, po-
" lite, and delicate; whereas, on the other hand, *Pindar* and
" *Sophocles* ſometimes hurry on with the greateſt impetuoſity,
" and like a devouring flame ſeize and ſet on fire whatever
" comes in their way; but on a ſudden the conflagration is
" extinguiſhed, and they miſerably flag when no body ex-
" pects it. Yet none have ſo little diſcernment, as not to
" prefer the ſingle *Oedipus* of *Sophocles* to all the Tragedies
" that *Ion* ever brought on the ſtage.

From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern
decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well *Achilles'* fate be giv'n
To *Hector's* lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?
Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing as he lay
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away;

" In our deciſions therefore on the characters of theſe great " men, who have illuſtrated what is uſeful and neceſſary with " all the graces and elevation of ſtyle; we muſt impartially " confeſs that, with all their errors, they have more per- " fections than the nature of man can almoſt be conceived " capable of attaining: for it is merely human to excel in " other kinds of writing, but the ſublime ennobleth our " nature, and makes near approaches to divinity: he who " commits no faults, is barely read without cenſure; but a " genius truly great excites admiration. In ſhort, the mag- " nificence of a ſingle period in one of theſe admirable au- " thors, is ſufficient to atone for all their defects: nay far- " ther, if any one ſhould collect from *Homer*, *Demoſthenes*, " *Plato*, and other celebrated heroes of antiquity, the little " errors that have eſcaped them, they would not bear the " leaſt proportion to the infinite beauties to be met with in " every page of their writings. It is on this account that " envy, through ſo many ages, hath never been able to " wreſt from them the prize of eloquence which their merits " have ſo juſtly acquired: an acquiſition which they ſtill are, " and will in all probability continue poſſeſſed of,

" As long as ſtreams in ſilver mazes rove,
" Or ſpring with annual green renews the grove."

Mr. *Fenton.*

And upwards caſt the corpſe: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift *Automedon* with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove;
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of *Jove*.

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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